

NOVEMBER 1953 20 CENTS

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN



WHAT DOES THE QUEEN REALLY LOOK LIKE?

A gallery of portraits
of the world's most
pictured woman

What every young
woman should know
about life in an office

New glamour for
girls five foot four
or under

Do it now
for Christmas

▲ A new portrait by Kenneth Forbes

Only Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes

...give you such richness, such velvety tenderness!

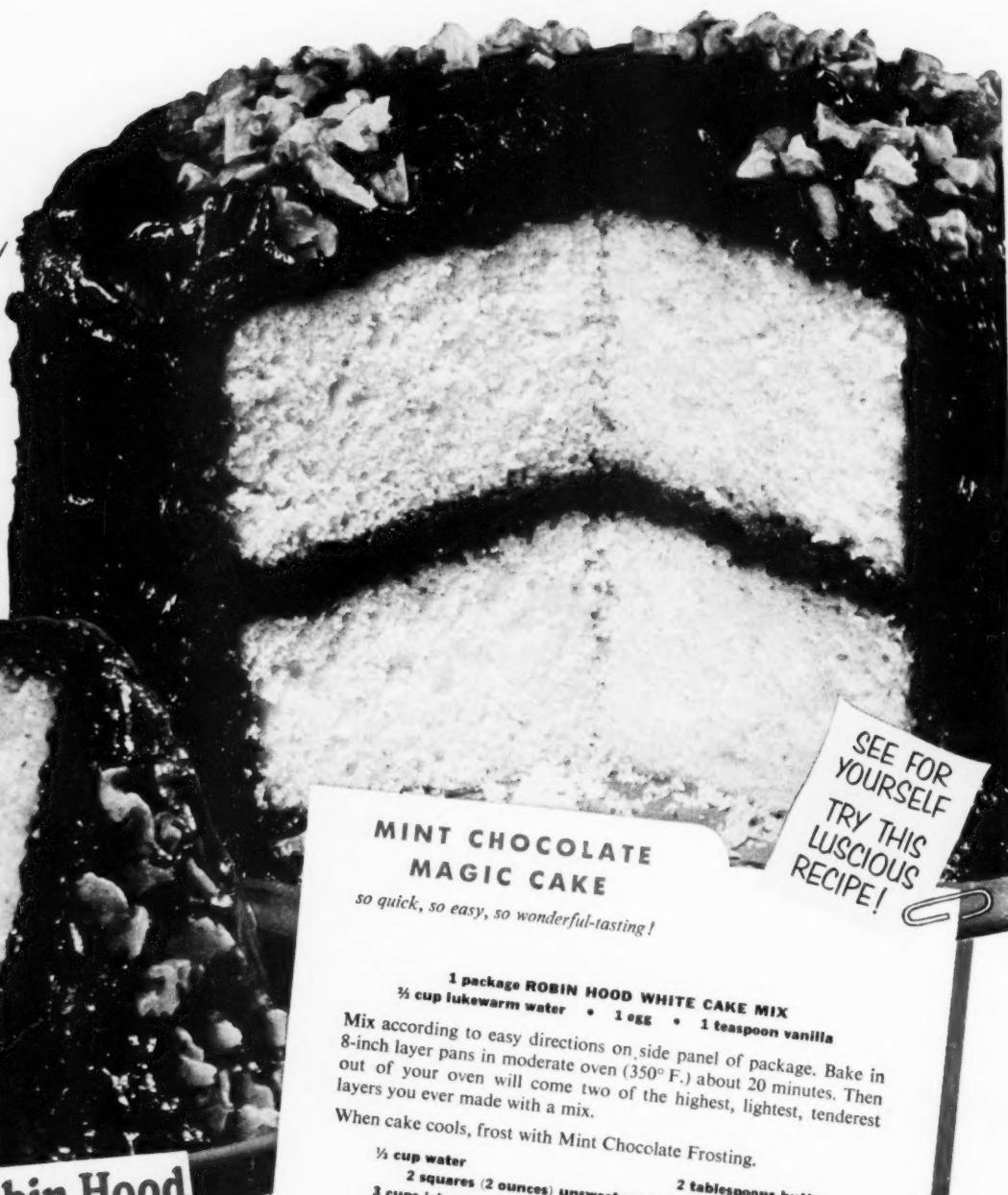
HERE'S WHY



You add your own fresh egg. No dried eggs in these marvelous mixes.



They're made with the finest cake flour ever milled.



MINT CHOCOLATE MAGIC CAKE

so quick, so easy, so wonderful-tasting!

1 package ROBIN HOOD WHITE CAKE MIX
½ cup lukewarm water • 1 egg • 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix according to easy directions on side panel of package. Bake in 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes. Then out of your oven will come two of the highest, lightest, tenderest layers you ever made with a mix.

When cake cools, frost with Mint Chocolate Frosting.

½ cup water 2 tablespoons butter
2 squares (2 ounces) unsweetened chocolate, melted
3 cups icing sugar ½ teaspoon peppermint extract

Heat water and butter; add melted chocolate. Add icing sugar; beat until of spreading consistency. Add peppermint extract and blend.

SEE FOR YOURSELF
TRY THIS LUSCIOUS RECIPE!

Robin Hood
White Cake mix

Robin Hood
Chocolate Cake mix

When you add
your own fresh
egg you know
it's fresh.



Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes

Canada's fastest-selling cake mixes

Listen to the Robin Hood Musical Kitchen starring Cliff McKay
Monday, Wednesday, Friday — Trans-Canada Network



Chatelaine Centre

How Do You Wear Your Halo? Every Angel has her own angle, according to the evidence above and the testimony of Catherine Fraser, who wrote and directed a performance of the children's Nativity play presented on page 30. "The halos were left on a hot radiator and all the bands stretched," she reports, "so they slipped all over the place all through the play." To add to the director's problems a cherub got the measles two days before the show. But the only person who flubbed a cue was the minister who was so entranced by what was going on that he forgot his commentary. Seven-year-old Lynn Jackson, who took the role of Mary, gave him such a reproving glance that he hastily got back into the act. Gabriel (standing just to the right of Lynn in the photo) was played by Penny Winter whose father, Bill Winter, illustrated our article on the Nativity play. And behind Lynn to the left can be seen John Fraser, the author's young son.

The London Reporter Who tracked down the opinions for our piece, What Does the Queen Really Look Like?, on page 11 was Wallace Reyburn. Wally was an assistant editor of Chatelaine almost sixteen years ago when he first came to Canada from New Zealand. After that he became a war correspondent, was wounded at Dieppe and wrote a book (The Glorious Chapter) and a concerto about it. Married and father of two, he now lives in London, England, and writes a daily column for the Toronto Telegram. He reports that while working on Chatelaine's assignment he was told about a gushing duchess who asked Prince Charles just before the Coronation: "What a sweet little sister you have! Would you like a brother too?" The practical

little prince thought about it for a minute or two and then said firmly, "Not until after the Coronation, thank you."

If Your Kids Call You Names you'll sympathize with Marguerite Carriere, author of our



fiction story, Transplanted, on page 16. Marguerite thinks the most beautiful valley in western Canada is the one at Minore, near Brandon, which she chose for the setting of her story, and where she first taught school. She now lives at Lachine, Que., and it was in her home there that she overheard her two dark-eyed daughters discussing their writer-mother:

Anita (five): "Are you going to be a typewriter when you grow up?"

Jeanine (three): "Nope, I'm going to color."

Anita: "Neither am I. I'm going to be a dancer."

Pandemonium Reigned When a Chatelaine photographer arrived at Malabar's to illustrate our article on Canada's famous costumers, and made the startling suggestion, "Now for a change why don't you folks put on the costumes?" The result is the colorful collection of Captain Kidds and Carmen Mirandas on page 22, but everyone picked out their own costumes and, according to Harry Malabar, it took all day. "They acted just like customers," he says wonderingly.

Two New Names Appear on Chatelaine's masthead at the bottom of this page—Ruth Schwartz, Associate Editor, and Jean Yack, Assistant Editor. Ruth (right) brings an impressive background of wide magazine experience. Toronto-born and educated, she took her master's degree in child psychology at Columbia University and followed it up with postgraduate work at Dr. W. E. Blatz' famous Institute of Child Study in Canada. Her editorial experience includes several years on Magazine Digest, This Month, Coronet, and Town & Country. A New Yorker for the past few years, she says she is delighted to be back in Canada.

Jean Yack, another valuable new addition to Chatelaine, is a Montrealer, with an honor degree



in history and economics from McGill University. After three years as a translator in French and Spanish in Montreal banks (broken by several months in Mexico and Europe) Jean decided to switch to working in English and became a researcher on Maclean's. She claims she has too many hobbies to do any well, but is planning on perfecting some parallel turns on the snowy slopes of Mont Tremblant in her spare week ends this winter.

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One of the uninvited...
or the life of the party?



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WHICH ARE YOU? Do you ever get the cold-shoulder in business, or the polite brush-off in your social life? If so you'd better suspect that you are guilty of that insidious thing* and do something about it . . . at once! Why be one of the uninvited when you can be the life of the party?

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ON RADIO—"ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"—See your paper for time and station

Chatelaine



Vol. 26 No. 11

One of the most recent portraits of the Queen is reproduced on our cover this month. It was painted by Canadian artist Kenneth Forbes.

Chatelaine

NOVEMBER

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Reader Takes Over

That short, short kilt

I WONDER WHAT your readers of Scottish extraction feel about the kilted gentleman in the fashion photographs (Tartans and Tweeds, September Chatelaine) . . . I had the pleasure of living in Scotland for nearly three years, but never once did I see such a short, short kilt, long jacket, unsuitable stockings and shoes . . . Small wonder the girls are so amused.—*Nora Manihuis, Magog, Que.*

. . . I gasped when I saw the tartan-tweed fashions—the coats and dresses are really very smart but, oh, that man! A Scotsman never, never wears a kilt so short even if his knees are not knobby, and he always wears a sporran. My September Chatelaine leaves for Scotland by mail tomorrow where it is eagerly awaited, but look out, you may be receiving stormy protests about that kilt. I know my husband had plenty to say!—*Mrs. M. B. Stout, Saint John.*

. . . We loved your Tartans and Tweeds but . . . don't tell me that Dior is dictating the length of kilts!—*Mrs. A. G. Lawrence, Winnipeg.*

Apologies to all offended Scotsmen! The experts agree the kilt should have been long enough to touch the ground when our Scotsman knelt. But we plead that on days off, a Scotsman could be quite correctly nonregimental minus sporran and in any old tweed.—The Editors.

Fair to Saskatoon

Congratulations to Alma Edwards Smith for her splendid article, When Polio Hit Saskatoon (August Chatelaine). She dared to express what most parents in Saskatoon and district were thinking. Pools, playgrounds, and theatres were wide open and school re-opened when there was no indication of being over the peak.

Much time and money had been spent on preparations for Saskatoon's 70th Anniversary celebration and "the show must go on." We realized with deep concern that the lives and health of our children and young people were only secondary. Surely, then competent leadership was lacking . . . Why wouldn't confusion reign, when some members of the medical profession forbade returning to school and others upheld it? The article was fair and reflected the feelings of many citizens.—*Mrs. Muriel McIntyre, Saskatoon.*

. . . My nephew who lives in Saskatoon was dangerously ill during the epidemic.

The careful analysis of the situation faced by a community when an epidemic strikes suddenly and the thoughtful plan of organization which any community

might follow to prevent unnecessary suffering and anguish are indeed a valuable contribution toward combatting the terror caused by this dread disease.

Saskatoon may well be proud that one of its stricken citizens has so constructively used her own suffering.—*Jennie S. Graham, Buffalo, N.Y.*

Too Many Cookbooks

Some months ago I wrote, sealed in an envelope and then tossed in the stove, a letter on the subject of . . . too much cookery and too little fiction in magazines—and at the time I wrote, I was peeved at Chatelaine . . . It does seem to me that six stories in a magazine would give it the jump on others using three . . . Ye gods, the world is full of cookbooks, and most of them repeat each other, too.

I might say that, except for the business about too-little fiction, I like Chatelaine . . . And if I didn't wish you well, I'd not bother to write, —*L. B., Bracebridge, Ont.*

Fashion Winner Says Thanks

I felt my birthday had arrived this morning when I received three large boxes from you. The excitement was really terrific . . . I am thrilled and delighted with everything. I did enjoy seeing myself in print too . . . My friends in India and in England are all very thrilled about my success, and I have sent many copies of Chatelaine to both countries.

I consider myself very lucky to win Chatelaine's Fall Fashion contest after reading of those other very attractive outfits which were entered.—*Natalie E. Logan, Vancouver.*

Wonderful Mary Pickford

I have just read a wonderful article in Chatelaine with such wonderful pictures (I Remember Mary, August) . . . I once saw her and she had a hole in her stocking and what did she do but get shoe black and fill in the hole. That got a full laugh from the crowd.

I wonder if she could do some of her old pictures over again. I am amazed at the awful pictures they are doing these days, so much blood and thunder and shooting.—*Kate Schwenger, Burlington, Ont.*

More About Midnight

May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on your wonderful story, Home on the Midnight (August Chatelaine), by that clever young author Walter Dales? I enjoyed the story so much that I shall be one of your regular readers from now on.—*Margaret Tyrrell, Montreal.*

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (pages 1, 70, 71, 80), Arnott and Rogers (8), Miller, (11, 12, 13), Gilbert Milne (12), Albert Nye—Panda (20, 21), Harold K. White (24), Panda (26, 27, 28).



BALANCE is important in DIABETES, too...

IN A WAY, the skillful performer on the tight wire and people with diabetes have certain things in common.

The performer depends principally on proper balance and control to accomplish his difficult act. Likewise, diabetics must be equally concerned with balance and control . . . if they are to live nearly normal, active lives.

The three essential factors which diabetics must keep in proper balance are diet, exercise, and insulin.

1. Diet is a vital part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, especially when diabetes is discovered early, diet alone can control the disease.

2. Exercise, or active work, is also important in the treatment of diabetes, because it helps to increase the ability of the body to use sugars and starches.

3. Insulin does not cure the disease, but it has often given diabetics a new lease on life. Insulin enables diabetics to utilize food and convert it into energy in a normal way.

New and different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, now

make possible more effective control of diabetes. Many research studies are now under way to learn more about the chemistry of insulin and how it is used by the body. These and other investigations will probably bring an increasingly hopeful outlook for most diabetics.

When diagnosed early, diabetes is easier to control, and serious complications can often be avoided. Fortunately, diabetes can be readily detected by having a urinalysis . . . preferably with your periodic health examination. This usually permits its discovery before the appearance of typical symptoms, such as: excessive hunger or thirst, frequent urination, loss of weight, or constant fatigue.

No one should neglect regular medical examinations . . . particularly overweight people who are past 40 and also those with a family history of diabetes.

Metropolitan's booklet called "Diabetes" tells how diabetics can usually live long and active lives. It also includes facts about the progress made by medical science in the treatment of diabetes, and information which may be helpful in guarding against this disease.

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Attractive Mrs. Lily Rekas of Connecticut is a hardworking wife and mother.

"I wash 9000 pieces of glassware a year...but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

When lovely Lily Rekas lifts a glass to toast her husband, he can see at a glance that her hands are as soft and pretty as a bride's.

Yet those very same hands have to wash thousands of glasses a year. (And so do yours!)

Detergents make lighter work for Lily. Detergent suds really melt away dirt and grease. But unfortunately — those suds can also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

How does Lily keep her hands so nice? She never forgets this simple step. After detergents or any harsh cleanser — pure, white Jergens Lotion goes right on her hands.



Being liquid, Jergens Lotion penetrates the skin instantly (doesn't merely "coat" the surface). In seconds, it actually helps replace the softening moisture your hands need.

There are two ingredients in Jergens Lotion that doctors use for softening. And women use much more Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world.

You ought to see Lily's lovely hands. They're two of the best reasons for remembering to use Jergens Lotion!

So keep on using detergents, and keep on using Jergens Lotion. You can tell your husband about your hard work — but don't ever let him feel it in your soft and pretty hands.

Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands

The Lady Struck It Rich Without a Geiger Counter

by Rebecca Lee



Hilda at her lunch counter.

UP IN THE NORTHWEST CORNER of Saskatchewan, Canada's newest last frontier is calling. To the busy click of geiger counters, men are searching out a heavy coal-like mineral called uranium that is more precious than gold. The humplands with their stand of birch and jackpine are swarming with prospectors, each secretly hoping that he will stumble across a patch of ground that will set his geiger counter whining to a tune that will pay off in thousands of dollars.

For any girl venturesome enough to try her luck in Uranium City, the centre of Canada's newest mining hotspot, the stakes are just as high—and a lot more certain. To date everyone has been so busy scouting for the precious black mineral that the field is wide open for almost every kind of business. A Chateleine reporter who recently visited the area with a press party led by veteran prospector, Fred Giaque, met several women who have made a strike behind counters and desks.

Blond, blue-eyed Hilda Weichert invested in the sixty-four-dollar plane ride from Edmonton in the spring and took a job as a waitress in one of the town's two cafes at forty dollars a week with room and board free. After two months she decided she would do a lot better ringing up her own cash register. With practically no capital she opened an eight-stool lunch counter in one end of the pool hall. She now employs two other waitresses and expects to total a tidy profit of around two thousand dollars in the coming year. "They can have their geiger counters. This is the

counter I'm sticking to," says Hilda as she takes another swipe with a damp cloth at its grey linoleum top.

Another girl who is stacking up a nice bank balance for herself is thirty-four-year-old Sheila Kelly from Somerset, England, who spent the last five years at a switchboard in Toronto. Five months ago she read about Uranium City and packed her bag almost immediately. "I opened this place," she says, indicating her little tar-paper Highway Café, "mostly on credit. People were wonderful. They helped me out in every way possible." Sheila works from seven in the morning to eleven at night, does all her own cooking on a stove her grandmother would have dismissed as a museum piece. When she opened in June she got four dollars for a steak dinner, but the competition from three other restaurants has cut prices almost in half. Even at that she has now paid off most of her debts and is socking away around one hundred dollars a week.

Pert, brown-eyed Bev Auten, a twenty-four-year-old who runs the Uranium City office for an insurance company, spent one year in Yellowknife and considers herself a veteran sourdough. "Sure, there's lots of money to be made here. Why I knocked off forty-eight dollars in one night just drawing up mining forms and agreements. My girl friend is getting two hundred and fifty a month as a steno with room and board thrown in. Besides, you can always get married. The average girl," she said, flicking a cigarette ash off her white buckskin jacket, "gets three proposals a week."



For sixty-four dollars a girl can fly from Edmonton to Uranium City on the new frontier.

There are around two thousand mining men in the district and only one hundred women and, as if those odds weren't enough to start a man-rush north, of the hundred women only about twenty are single. What better matrimonial odds could a girl ask?

Uranium City is about five hundred miles and four hours' flying time from Edmonton in a wilderness of grey rock, dark green tundra and chilly blue lakes. The town is roughly arrow-shaped, with streets called Fission and Nuclear avenues. But most of the locals describe where they live in the more homely fashion of "behind the café" or "two doors up from the billiard hall."

Just a year ago there was scarcely anything but a few tent houses sticking up among the jackpine and fir. Then the uranium rush started and last spring a town of tent houses appeared. With winter closing in the tents are being replaced by shacks, and today the town even boasts a stucco bank and several two-story buildings.

Uranium City is no place for sissies. There's no light, running water, sewers, garbage collection or indoor bathrooms. A girl has to learn to iron with a flatiron heated on a wood stove, shop by mail, cut her own hair, and take a bath in a tin tub. It's even a problem to find a place to stay. You might rent a tent for fifty dollars a month, with an iron cot and stove, but you'll find yourself sitting on a nail keg and using a packing case for a dressing table.

The standard way to get a house is to go over to Goldfields, an abandoned mining town about fifteen miles away, and pick out a shack. You probably won't be able to find the owner, and when winter comes you can have it hauled over the ice to Uranium City. Sheila Kelly lives in a house and considers herself exceptionally lucky. Hilda Weichert has a room sparsely furnished with orange crates, which she shares in a basement with the Uranium Times.

As no one has had time to cut wood or dig wells, you cut your own and buy water from Gordon Carruthers at one dollar for forty-five gallons. Everything is flown in or brought by barge up Lake Athabasca and consequently everything is very expensive. There are four stores where prices for a bar of soap run around fifteen cents, a pound of butter one dollar, and one banana fifteen cents.

The nights are nineteen hours long in winter, but there's plenty to do. "Parties here never end," says Bev Auten. There are two movie houses offering year-old shows at a flat price of one dollar a head.

Men, women and even children are geiger happy. Everyone has a few claims on "moose pasture," each marked off with four peeled initialed stakes, and the fervent hope that there's more than hope in the ground.

"When Gail was just three," says Mrs. Sherman Oliver, wife of one of the mine managers, "she was always bringing in a rock and saying, 'Daddy put the geiger on this. I'm sure it's pitch and I bet it kicks good.'"

"I shut up shop for a few days last spring," admits Sheila Kelly, "and borrowed a geiger and staked myself a few claims. It's a gamble but you never can tell. Although sometimes," she adds wistfully, "I think I'd trade all the uranium in the country in for one good bath in a real tub and half an hour in an honest-to-goodness Woolworth's." *

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New! Fabric lining inside, textured latex outside . . . comfortable as your own skin.

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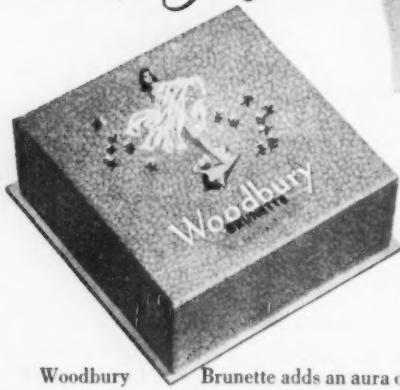
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(MADE IN CANADA)

More beautiful women use Woodbury — why don't you?



That's me at the end of the line

By LORRIE McLAUGHLIN

News Item: "Lines will be straighter, shorter and smoother this year," predicts fashion expert.

Perhaps his particular lines will be but I fully expect the lines I'm in to be as long, straggly and poorly managed as ever.

Sometimes I'm missing for days at a time. My friends and family used to wonder where I was but now they mark it down as just another quirk and forget about it—and me.

I've tried and tried to tell them that I don't disappear into outer space or hide in some luxurious retreat but they won't listen.

Actually, I spend those lost days in lines. Sometimes I join a line of people waiting for a bus. When I start out, I'm seventeenth from the head of the line, but I lose ground rapidly. The head suddenly switches and I find myself seventeenth from the end. This can go on for hours until I lose all interest in getting on a bus at all, which is usually just as well, because by the time I work my way to the front the only bus left carries a red banner reading "Garage."

Theatre lines are equally booby-trapped. I lined up to see Streetcar Named Desire but the feature had changed by the time I got inside. Bwana Devil was two thirds over before I realized it wasn't Marlon Brando but a roaring lion I had in my lap.

When I really want to get lost, though, I go to the supermarket. By the time I've loaded my basket and found the shortest line the clerks start their rest periods. As soon as I get near the cash register a little metal arm reading "Next Wicket Please" shoots out and I'm back at the end of a new line.

At times it's not the mechanical arm but my own good nature that sends me astray. As I push my basket toward the cashier I suddenly realize that the kindly old gentleman behind me has only two loaves of bread to check through. "After you," I say politely. When I pick myself and my basket off the floor I discover he was just saving a place for his wife, mother-in-law, cousin and sister, all of whom are apparently stocking up for a six-month trip to the Arctic.

At Christmastime the lines in the post office crisscross the marble floor in glorious confusion. Clutching my parcels I get into line behind assorted citizens also clutching parcels, working on the safety-in-numbers theory. Too late I find out that the wicket I am at is for air-express parcels to Timbuktu or Outer Mongolia only. And so I stumble blindly from line to line, looking for someone who will sell me three five-cent stamps to mail three books to my three young nephews. One year I spent my entire Christmas holiday in the post office trying to mail a pair of nylons to a sister-in-law in Toronto.

I would have given up and taken a train down to deliver them personally but that would have involved more lining up—and last time I lined up in a railway station I wound up on the boat train to Dover. Took me two weeks to get back that time.

All roads may lead to Rome but as far as I'm concerned, all lines lead to nowhere. It would suit me if there wasn't any such thing as a line — straight, smooth, short or otherwise. Anyone interested in starting a movement to abolish them once and for all can line up on the left.

Behind me, if you please. *

BIRKS

Soft words by candlelight . . .

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* new ways to easy-living *

* by Nancy Nylon *

Going to dance "The Dashing White Sergeant?" This fall — brilliant colors will lend added hue as the pageantry of St. Andrew's feast pipes in our festive season. And I predict a lassie in scarlet will best complement the kilts. But whichever sweet thing you wear, be gay, be gala — be good!!

Here's a dreamy waltz-length gown in nylon marquisette — comes in a delicious claret tone, also in toast. Specially for the lucky debs, there are many stunning styles and shades to choose from — really adorable fashions created just for you.



Gals, this is news deluxe! 100% nylon fleece in a wrap that's soft, supple and super-duper! This wonder fabric is equally precious in jackets, stoles and ascots — and it comes in luscious pastels as well as snowy white. And, of course, because it's



nylon, you can keep the garment glamorous by merely sponging off any spot or splash that comes its way. Look for nylon fleece in the shops now — and wrap yourself in luxury. It's cosy for kiddies too!

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED • MONTREAL

For the hostess with the "mostest" — chic lounging pyjamas of black and gold! The $\frac{3}{4}$ length jacket of sculptured nylon is flatteringly fitted at the waist, full and



flared beneath. It's beautifully washable, beautifully wearable. Smart tapered slacks of black cotton velveteen complete the ensemble. Perfect for the casual cocktail hour or a canasta evening.



Needles clicking now for baby Christmas gifts? Remember that if you use nylon yarn, the gifts you knit will stay new and fresh looking through endless trips to the tub. Mittens, soakers, sweaters, bonnets, socks or anything at all will look sweet, never need blocking or any special care. I've written a booklet called "How to Knit with Nylon Yarn." If you'd like one, just write, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House, Montreal.



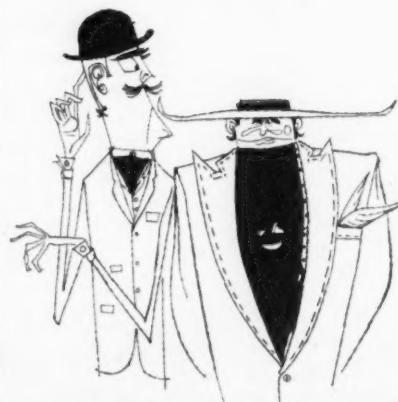
Memo from Rosemary

WHAT WON'T MEN WEAR NEXT?



To hear men ridicule new fashions, one would think they were still dressing in dinosaur skins. Well, hubby, fiance or male escort can stop kidding you about how gullible women are for blindly following fashion's fickle fancy—because he's wriggling helplessly on the very same hook. S'truth! For instance, while we were jumping the Dior hoop recently, the men were calmly accepting their new "Edwardian" look. This, the clerks in the ultra-modern, tartan-trimmed and broadloomed tailor shops explained to me, means that men's suits and coats are now reverting to the slim dapper-Dan influence of the early 1900s. Gone is the lounged-in casual look, and your beau will be a Brummel indeed in a suit with narrower lapels and shoulders, a form-fitting jacket and slimmer tapered trousers.

Colorific's the word men's-wear designers use to describe their new shirt fabrics. Color combinations are anything but conservative—from polka dots to plaids, pastels and bright basics. The finishes are "silken," "textured," and "nubby"—direct steals from our own poodle-cloth and more recent glossy-surface fabric trends. I was shown shirts in pure silk and fancy knitted fabrics and was told that the latest thing was the new "gaucho" collar. Sounded real *haute couture* but turned out to be only a slightly rounded and wider type of shirt collar. Suit fabrics, too, are showing the new "textured" trends and come in colors like "television blue."



And the hats! Even they reveal the nostalgic Edwardian influence—they're more tapered in the top, slimmer in the brim and broader in the band! I was next invited to view the newest in weskits. Hm—used to be vests, didn't they? Men discarded them after the war but they've returned now with all the grandeur of a peacock. There were some in pure silk prints, brocaded silk, velvet and novelty wool—none of them

quiet, and one tartan-lined! And while the breadwinners laughed at our bracelet-sized hoop earrings they were clean-sweeping their own store counters of those cunning new silver-dollar-sized cuff links. Some are even bigger and a few sport dangling charms.

Square buttons are new, too. Other latest trends for men are the plastic fabric windbreakers, the string ties, the balmacaan collar, madly trimmed and reversible gabardine jackets, ticket pockets and knife-pealed pockets. Not to mention that traditional black in dinner jackets may soon be replaced by pale pastels with contrasting silken cummerbunds; jacket vents are passé (now it's pleats if you please). Well?

Try this delicious dinner of Chicken, Peas and Rice



Here's the recipe . . .

2½-3 pound fryer, cut-up
 ½ cup evaporated milk
 ½ cup plus 2 tablespoons flour
 2 teaspoons salt
 ½ teaspoon pepper
 2 teaspoons paprika
 1 15-oz. can peas
 3 cups cooked rice

● Put chicken in bowl; pour over evaporated milk; stir to coat thoroughly. Combine ½ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons of the salt, pepper and paprika. Remove chicken from milk, roll in flour mixture; reserve milk for gravy. Brown chicken slowly in hot fat about ¼-inch deep in skillet, 40 to 45 minutes, or until tender. While chicken is frying, drain peas; add ½ cup pea liquid to evaporated milk and enough water to make 1½ cups; reserve. When chicken is cooked, remove from skillet and put in a warm place. Drain off all but 2 tablespoons fat. Add remaining 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt; stir to a smooth paste. Add milk-pea liquid and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Heat peas in remaining pea liquid. To serve, spoon hot cooked rice in ring on platter; fill center with peas. Arrange chicken around rice and serve with gravy. YIELD: 4 servings.

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 is food in cans, survey
 by 19 universities proves



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● First time you try it, you'll find it's a wonderful guest-style dinner that the whole family loves . . . and you'll plan to serve it often. Canned peas are so young, tender, succulent . . . evaporated milk is so rich and wholesome . . . they give the entire dish a delightfully intriguing flavor.

Cans of steel make it possible for you to enjoy all kinds of fine foods any day, any season . . . foods that are inexpensive to buy, quick and simple to prepare, always grand to eat. And the easy-to-handle, easy-to-store containers of steel they come in, give them positive protection against contamination.

THE Steel Company of Canada, LIMITED



Home Economics Departments of 19 U.S. universities and colleges, in a 3-year survey, proved these facts: Canned foods give you the most food value—the most food, the most nutrition, at lowest cost, all year 'round. And cans are safe and strong, easily handled and stored.

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



DAME FASHION is as fickle as November's weather this Fall . . . for "she" decrees skirts either short or long . . . coats fitted or flaring . . . dresses sleekly slender or beautifully bouffant! So follow your fancy . . . provided the wardrobe you choose is right for you!

I'VE JUST GLAMOURIZED my cellar playroom . . . and even if I do say so, it's beautiful! My camera deserves most of the credit, though . . . for I simply mounted our best pictures on big, bright mats and hung them on the whitewashed walls. And there is our family history for the past year . . . the children last Christmas, our New Year's party, candle-glowing when the baby was one, and all of us together at Thanksgiving. And it wasn't until the job was done, that I noticed that one thing stands out in almost every picture . . . a smart pack of SWEET CAP CORKS . . . silent witness to the fact that this distinctive cigarette

is my favourite! Most of my friends prefer them, too . . . because SWEET CAP CORKS combine wonderful mildness with rich, full flavour to perfection! I particularly like the smooth band of cork at the tip . . . it feels so smooth to your lips. In fact, I think SWEET CAP CORKS are perfect in every way . . . but try a pack soon and see what you think!



NURSERY NEWS travels fast . . . but in case you haven't heard, let me tell you about the wonderful improvement in BABY'S OWN SOAP. It's now enriched with Lanotrate²⁵ . . . which is a marvelous new discovery made from pure lanolin . . . concentrated 25 times! And you know what this means . . . that BABY'S OWN SOAP gives your baby's thinner skin even greater protection than ever before. So use it exclusively . . . for all of baby's baths. And follow each bath with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL . . . then smooth on BABY'S OWN POWDER! That's what I do . . . for they're made by specialists especially for babies . . . contain all the right ingredients to give baby's tender skin the greatest possible safeguard from harm. You see, the pure antiseptic OIL also contains lanolin . . . while the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc. So baby your baby these cold, wintry days . . . by following BABY'S OWN 3-Step protection every day!



THE Happiest Families I know wear denim . . . for this workaday fabric has holiday airs and is the newest pet of fashion! Denim really has glamour this year . . . is still ideal for work but is "queen" of the sports world, too! And lucky the family that picks KINGCOT Denim . . . because it's as pretty as it is practical . . . your smartest "buy" for work and play! And the reason is this . . . KINGCOT Denim is densely woven and Sanforized . . . keeps its good looks through months of washings and wearings! And I mean all KINGCOT Denim . . . whether you choose the familiar indigo blues, or a smart sports weight denim in plain, plaid or stripes. So make yours a happy-go-lucky family . . . by outfitting each member in KINGCOT Denim. There's one for every occasion. You'll find it at Leading Stores everywhere . . . just be sure your indigo denims are branded on the back and your sportswear denims labelled with the famous KINGCOT name. P.S. The smartest home-makers I know make their drapes of KINGCOT Denim, too . . . why don't you? They're really lovely!



WHAT'S THE VERDICT . . . would you say you're better off this year? I certainly hope so . . . for after all, that's one of the big reasons friend hubby worked so hard last year! And one of the biggest jobs in handling the family's finances is working out a budget that permits you to make regular deposits into a savings account. So if you haven't done this, make a New Year's resolution right now! Resolve to put a certain amount each week in a BANK OF MONTREAL Savings Account — and stick to it! Only through regular savings can you build up a cash reserve for that home you've dreamed of, the children's education, for unexpected illness—or that "rainy day" which gives no warning. You'll be surprised, too, at the satisfaction you'll get from a B of M Savings Account . . . watching your "nest egg" grow and grow and g-r-o-w! So visit your Neighborhood Branch of "My Bank" today . . . and open your Savings Account without further delay!



THEY CALL THIS THE "OFF-SEASON" for travel . . . but in my opinion it's by far the best time to visit Europe . . . and, of course, the best way to go is by TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES! Why? Well, effective November 1st, TCA offers a BIG reduction in fares . . . why, you can fly from Montreal to London, return, for just \$417.30! Furthermore, it's less crowded "over there" now . . . which means you can get better hotel accommodations and services . . . as well as cheaper rates, as a rule. And your flight in a TCA Skyliner will be pure pleasure itself . . . you'll relax in its luxurious club-like atmosphere, enjoy delicious meals and personal, courteous service . . . thus arrive at your destination wonderfully rested and refreshed. Remember . . . TCA not only flies to England, Ireland and Scotland, but also to Paris and Dusseldorf. So plan your vacation abroad during this delightful "off-season" . . . then let any TCA Office or your Travel Agent handle the details.



MEN LOVE GOOD FOOD and the girls who know how to cook it . . . my "cue" to remind you that WINDSOR SALT brightens the flavour of food . . . in the kitchen and at the table. I couldn't prepare a meal without it . . . for WINDSOR SALT helps me out in so many ways. For example, you can improve the flavour of fresh pork so much . . . by simply doing this:

Before you cook the pork, sprinkle it with a small handful of WINDSOR SALT. Let it stand for one hour . . . at room temperature. Then rinse the pork and bake it . . . so very taste-enticing.

I think that hot chocolate tastes better with WINDSOR SALT, too . . . and it's a "must" in cocoa. And when you bake your next Pumpkin Pie, bear this in mind . . . nutmeg, cinnamon, and your other seasonings make it luscious . . . but you need WINDSOR SALT to bring out the full, bright flavour! It's free-running and iodized, you know . . . so use WINDSOR SALT to change your cooking from "dull" to "delicious"!

PAMPER YOURSELF a little these busy Fall days . . . you've earned it in all kinds of ways. And begin by "hiring" an expert to help you with one of your hardest jobs . . . cleaning dirty pots and pans! I mean let S.O.S. do the work for you . . . for it gets things clean and makes them shine in "no" time! That's why I call S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads



. . . because they're a wondrous combination of sturdy interwoven fibres and grease-dissolving soap which cleans and polishes all at once. Nothing I've ever used (and I've tried everything!) "sparkles up" cooking utensils so quickly and easily . . . why S.O.S. simply "breezes" through crusted, burned-on food and cuts the stubbornest grease . . . without any hard rubbing! S.O.S. is grand for cleaning your stove, too . . . just try it on the broiler, reflector pans and other parts . . . you'll see what I mean. And don't delay . . . the time to begin pampering yourself is today!

WANT TO SAVE MONEY on meals . . . yet serve your family (and guests!) more delicious, nutritious foods? You can if you put KNOX Unflavored Gelatine to work in your kitchen . . . for I discovered long ago that KNOX not only saves you time, work and money, but rewards with the most heavenly salads, desserts and main dishes this side of paradise! That's because KNOX is the world's leading unflavored gelatine and is made from selected bone stock . . . is all protein with no sugar!



And here's why KNOX dishes are so-o-o good for you . . . they combine gelatine's protein with the vitamins and minerals of the fresh foods in the recipes which are "missing" in factory flavored jell dishes. KNOX means sure success with every recipe, too . . . is well worth the slight extra cost! But only seeing is believing . . . so get a package of KNOX Unflavored Gelatine today and try the recipes enclosed. Once you do, you'll use it regularly . . . the way I do!

THE NICEST PARTIES just "happen" . . . so always be prepared for impromptu refreshments by keeping a file of spur-of-the-moment recipes on hand. And put these Broiled Delights at the top o' the list . . . for you can fix them fast and serve them proudly! Here's the prize recipe . . . sent me by a reader:

Toast 6 bread slices on one side in GURNEY broiler. On untoasted side place slice of ham, one or two slices of tomato and slices of hard cooked egg. Pour 1 tbsp. of French dressing on each sandwich; top with slice of cheese. Sprinkle with paprika. Return to broiler and broil until cheese melts and is lightly browned.

And I hope you have a grand-new GURNEY Gas Range to do all your cooking . . . because it not only makes everything taste better, but has time and work saving features "galore". I especially like its divided top . . . for it provides more capacity and convenience than the cluster top arrangement . . . plus more cleanliness and safety. But learn all about it . . . at your Dealer's.



FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING, I suggest gifts with the "Magic Touch" . . . by WATERMAN'S! They're always in perfect taste and always appreciated . . . promising writing pleasure for years to come. There's one for every name on your list, too . . . such as:

WATERMAN'S Sapphire . . . a superb Pen that represents the most inspired advance in writing history. You'll be proud to give it . . . yet the cost is only \$5.95. WATERMAN'S Lady Patricia . . . the perfect gift for any lovely lady with its beautiful gold-filled clip and smooth, dependable 14KT Gold Point. The Pen is priced at just \$11.00 . . . Pen and Pencil Set is \$16.75. WATERMAN'S Crusader Trio . . . an all-time Christmas favourite which consists of a 14 KT Gold Point Pen in Taperite model, matching Metromatic Pencil and Ball Pointer . . . all for \$12.45. WATERMAN'S Executive Set . . . truly a Pen masterpiece from its 14 KT Gold Point to its brilliant golden cap. Only \$12.00 for the Pen . . . \$17.50 for the Set . . . and sure to please any man. So see them all . . . then make your WATERMAN'S gift selections. P.S. They're approved by Santa!





WHAT DOES THE QUEEN REALLY LOOK LIKE?

*Canada's Queen has the best-known face on earth,
yet every new portrait and photograph seems to catch a different facet of
her beloved personality. So Chatelaine went to London to ask
the people who see her most frequently—which woman is really the Queen?*

THE WORLD'S most photographed woman, Queen Elizabeth II, this month starts another royal tour during which still thousands more pictures will be taken of her in Australia and New Zealand. Many of these may capture the essence of her regal good looks—but it is certain that they will only add to an intriguing phenomenon which surrounds the woman with the best-known face on earth.

What does the Queen really look like?

Every good new painting, camera portrait or news photo of our Queen seems to catch a different facet of her appearance and personality. Even

between some of her best pictures this difference is remarkable.

After hearing many people discuss this mystery, Chatelaine went to London to put the question to people who see the Queen most frequently in person—photographers, painters and persons close to the palace. They were shown the gallery of pictures reproduced on these pages. These were selected to show the many faces of the Queen and were chosen from official portraits approved by Elizabeth herself and unposed press shots such as the famous, much-admired "Smiling Queen" which

TO FIND OUT WHICH PICTURES LOOK MOST LIKE THE QUEEN, TURN THE PAGE

WHAT DOES THE QUEEN REALLY LOOK LIKE? (*cont'd*)



Vivacious and gay as she arrived at the theatre to see a new play, the Queen was caught in this light-hearted photo which Londoners who know her well say looks most like her.



Regal yet lovely, portrait by Margaret Lindsay Williams was voted the best artist's likeness. Some "regal" portraits are merely cold.

first ran in full color in this magazine last March.

The folio of pictures also includes the latest painting of the Queen by a Canadian artist. This is the portrait by Kenneth Forbes, of Toronto, which is reproduced in full color on the cover of this issue.

In London, we discovered, nearly everyone seems to have his favorite royal photograph just as you probably have yours. The Queen has her favorites, too. Some of these have never been released for publication. "After all, you can't blame her for wanting something for herself," said Marcus Adams, London photographer.

She has ordered six hundred copies of a picture which she will take with her on the royal tour down under for presentation to dignitaries and friends. This is a picture by Dorothy Wilding, who has photographed the Queen for twenty years.

All the photographers we talked to agreed that the Queen was not an easy person to picture. No one with an expressive face is. Besides, she is often caught off guard by press photographers. The late Queen Mary and the Queen Mother were both wise in the ways of the press and seemed to sense when a picture was coming up and had an expression ready for it.

Everyone we interviewed agreed that the differ-



The smiling Queen was an instant favorite, first ran in color in March Chatelaine.

Severe here, the Queen's portraits vary so

because artists have trouble painting mouth "just right."



Youthful yet commanding was the princess Karsh photographed just before she ascended throne.



ence between portraits usually lay in the Queen's mouth. Margaret Lindsay Williams, whose painting on page twelve is now owned by McGill University and who has painted the Queen five times (more than anyone else), had this to say: "The lower part of her face is pure Windsor and you can see it in her late father, his brothers and the late Queen Mary."

Marcus Adams who has photographed the Queen more than anyone, ever since she was a child, said: "The mouth is the most difficult part of the face to photograph and I always concentrate on that. Other features such as the nose, eyes, ears don't move or change greatly but the mouth is the key to the whole thing and it is that in the Queen which I watch all the time I'm photographing her."

"Her eyes are heavy-lidded and you notice that in all important people, statesmen and so on. The skin of the upper lid tends to hang down over the eye. As the years go by this will tend to become more pronounced in the Queen's face."

Adams first photographed the Queen at the age of eight months.

"She has a twinkle just at the outer edge of her eye which I have noticed right from childhood and which I have always tried to catch," he said. *



Canada's Queen is painted by Canadian portrait artist Kenneth Forbes for this month's cover.

Glamorous beauty more often associated with Princess Margaret is revealed in this rare photo of the Queen wearing black.



Happy young mother, the Queen here reveals now clearly her better photographs reflect her changing moods.



Natural in all things, Her Majesty uses little make-up before the lens.



The many faces the Queen turns to the camera are the more remarkable because she keeps much the same hair style.



Serious side of the Queen is usually seen in her portraits.





WHAT EVERY YOUNG WOMAN

Here you'll meet all the types who live in that strange and

by DORIS McCUBBIN

ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR working women in Canada labors in a remarkable twentieth-century institution loaded with ritual and taboos, and almost all women at some time in their lives come in contact with it. The institution has its own high priest, its faithful flock and its untouchables. It's a place where a wooden waste basket instead of a metal one is a sign of status, and a door with a name on it, a buzzer and a broadloom rug are the symbols of the head man. If the woman stays in this institution for twenty-five years she will probably be given a little gold

pin which she will wear as proudly as the Order of the Garter Star, but she secretly hopes that some day she will come in displaying a piece of glass the size of the "o" on her typewriter, which will be saluted by the other women with shrieks of joy lasting at least ten minutes, and she will eventually leave forever.

The institution which is as much a part of our lives as the telephone is that fine and familiar place, the office.

The office is a small community of people, often part of a larger community in a company. Every



SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OFFICES

wonderful world downtown. Look closely and you may even see yourself

office ranks itself unofficially within the company. A filing clerk in one department may consider herself far superior to a filing clerk in another department. The inhabitants of the office itself are as rigidly ranked as the British Army, according to well-established signs of status, for example, which people have a telephone.

But even within the small community of the office there is generally a still smaller community. If there are any number of women they, too, organize themselves and shake themselves into their social strata like pebbles in a can. Even

the youngest steno fresh from her commercial course soon recognizes which girl runs the other stenos, which girl is social poison, and which girl is likely to hook her up on the office grapevine. Often the men in the office have no inkling of this smaller setup at all.

Mention "office" to a man and he thinks of a big pillared room with fluorescent lights, green or beige linoleum, beige or green walls, flanked with partitioned cubbyholes for junior executives and a boxed-in holy-of-holies for the boss.

But ask a woman *Continued on page 56*

Illustrated by LEN NORRIS



TRANSPLANTED

*To hold the woman he loved, Martin had left the land his grandfather
tilled and cherished . . . but in his heart the farm
would always be his home as well as his inheritance*

BY MARGUERITE CARRIERE
ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH



WHEN MARTIN swung off the snub-nosed bus, his feet crunched on the brown-red leaves. He heard the driver behind him say hoarsely, "Okay, fellah?" The big door sighed shut. The bus roared on its way throwing a cloud of dry grey dust in Martin's city-skinned face. He stepped to the side of the ditch, tall with white-headed thistles, pulled out a crumpled handkerchief, and blew his nose hard. "These gravel roads," he said.

Martin started walking westward, carrying his grip. He followed the highway a little, then turned onto a rutted road into the valley. He pulled his hat brim lower as the yellow sunset hit his brown eyes. He spied the cow path, still trodden, long grasses bent and broken beyond the tight barbed-wire fence. That's the walk from which he and Peggy used to watch the evening bus go by, carrying people to fascinating places, spitting dust down at country fields and country folk, pausing an instant to reject or gobble passengers, then rushing on at top speed, on, on and on to such wonderful cities that the mind paralyzed itself trying to imagine them. He wondered about Peggy now. She had been his first love, and they had shared dreams together in their early years. But he had been the one to leave and grow away from the valley life.

Martin absently cut across the ditch to bend and squeeze between the strands of barbed wire. He avoided the tall nettles and stopped to pull a burr from his pants cuff. He should have continued on the road, he knew. He'd only brought this one suit, and it had to be kept decent for the funeral.

He glanced into the hazy shadows of the poplar bluffs. Evening there where the sun could not reach because of the thickness of the underbrush. Three partridges whirred

Continued on page 35



Illustrated by

E. O. Neill

*Connie sat like a queen with her hand extended. Inside she was thinking,
the ring is just a symbol—it's Tim that matters, my wonderful Tim.*

THE WONDERFUL DAY

The morning was as bright and shining as the ring on her finger until she began to tell people about Tim. Perhaps when she saw him again the clouds would lift

BY ROSSA WILLIAMSON

CONNIE switched off the hall light and ran softly, breathlessly up the stairs. In the upper hall she paused by the half-open door of her parents' room and listened. Their quiet breathing told her that they were asleep. On tip-toe she glided on to her own room, slipped in and closed the door. In the darkness she leaned ecstatically against the door's paneling, her eyes closed, her lips parted slightly. In the morning she'd tell Mum and Dad, but for tonight it was her own blessed secret—hers and Timothy's. Her hands pressed together over her pumping heart and the fingers of her right hand felt along the third finger of her left, till they found the warm lump of the ring that Timothy had placed there a short, short time ago.

She was Tim's girl. For ever and ever she was Tim's girl. Of course she'd always been Tim's girl in a way, ever since she was old enough to go with boys but before this evening it had just been a drifting and a dreaming. But tonight after the Canoe Club dance he had taken the little box from his pocket and said, "I think it's time, Consuelo Jones, that everyone knows you're going to be Mrs. Timothy Henry. So don't say anything about this being so sudden because you know darn well it's been on the books for a long time."

But it *had* been sudden. Like waking out of a silver dream into a world shot with golden radiance. Like going to sleep in a hammock slung between two saplings and waking to find the saplings had grown till they punched a hole in the sky big enough to let heaven through. He'd slipped the ring on her finger and kissed her and after a while he said, "Well say something."

"Mrs. Timothy Henry," she'd murmured, her lips pressed against his throat. "Mrs.—Timothy—Henry. Oh it's the most wonderful thing in the world. It's—it's more wonderful than being a princess—or—or Queen Elizabeth. Mrs.—Timothy—Henry."

"Mrs. Timothy Henry," she murmured now in the darkness with her cheek against the cool wood of the door, and later curled up in bed with the ring pressed against her lips she whispered it again, "Mrs. Timothy Henry."

Could anything in the world be more wonderful than that Tim and she were going to be married? She'd known vaguely that this was where they'd been heading all those years when they'd been skating and dancing together, going to the games together, holding hands in the movies, but now to be wearing Tim's

Continued on page 33



We found a willing volunteer for this makeover in 21-year-old Muriel Bishop from our own steno pool where seven out of ten girls are 5 foot 4 or under.

WHEN A GIRL IS 5 FOOT 4 OR UNDER

Rosemary Boxer showed Muriel how to look taller than five foot one with just the right clothes, accessories and make-up

MURIEL BISHOP spoke for many Canadian girls when she said recently, "What short girl doesn't wish she was tall!"

Muriel is just five foot one and works in the stenographic pool in the offices where *Chatelaine* is published. We became interested in her fashion problems after we made the startling discovery that almost seven out of every ten typists in her department are five foot four or under. And a check showed that in one large Toronto insurance office employing over three hundred girls, forty-five percent are five foot four or under.

The problem of the short girl becomes more apparent when you consider that designers usually have the tall types in mind when they create costumes.

Yet, there's no use just wishing for height. If a girl stops growing at five foot four it's up to her to make the best of her brevity. Even if she can't be tall, she can still *look* tall. It's not hard to find as much as four inches if a girl knows all the avenues to altitude.

Muriel's climb to new heights required every possible device—including a new hairdo and a special make-up technique. She got her first real lift the moment she doffed hanging hemlines and casual shoes (see photo above) in favor of shorter, slimmer mid-calf skirts (fifteen inches for Muriel) and high-heeled pumps.

This points up a special problem faced by short girls Muriel's age and younger. Just twenty-one, Muriel has been affected these last few years by the reigning teen passion for drooping skirts and ballet shoes. Personally, we feel this fashion fad does very little for any young woman—but for the short girl it's murder.

Though nobody knows just how many Canadian

girls are five foot four or under (the Dominion Bureau of Statistics is working on such a survey now), we're happy to report that Canadian dress manufacturers are already doing something about this national fashion problem. When Muriel went shopping with us for her taller wardrobe she discovered that there's a new range of sizes called "petites." These clothes make a has-been of the pinned-up girl because they have new pared-down proportions to fit the short slim figure from neckline to waist and from waistline to hem without major alterations.

It was in one of these petite departments that we found the clothes Muriel is wearing on these pages. While we were there we saw everything from daytime to late-day clothes, outerwear and even lingerie designed especially for the short girl.

But shopping in a petite department doesn't alone guarantee suitability. Muriel and her friends will have to learn what to look for to play up their best figure and facial features.

For Muriel there were the small hats, neckline accents and slim 'pumps she's wearing here to show off her pert face and pretty legs to advantage.

Muriel's new clothes are designed to give the illusion of height. They all have straight unbroken lines, narrow shoulders, shorter jackets, small collars and cuffs, narrow straight sleeves and slim skirts.

She'll shun outfits with overpowering details such as big sleeves, ruffles, wide collars and huge button or jeweled details. Big prints, glaring colors and shiny fabrics should also be on every short girl's taboo list.

All décolleté necklines for the short girl should be vee'd rather than rounded to add heightening lines to the ensemble.

We've outlined some general rules for Muriel and

To learn more about Muriel's hair style and about foundations for the short girl turn to page 32

Clothes designed by Ira Rentner, New York, for J. H. Warsh, Toronto. Shoes by Dolcis. Hats by Peggy Anne.



(above left) Straight-line late-day dress in bouclé taffeta with vee'd neckline.

(centre) Cashmere and wool jersey tweed suit on simple lines. Lined skirt.

(right) Daytime dress in rabbit-hair wool with medium-full skirt. Ocelot belt.

Muriel surprises her friends with her new tallsmenness at lunch next day.



TORONTO STORE STAFF IN "COSTUMES BY MALABAR" SURROUNDS PRESIDENT HARRY (CENTRE), FLANKED BY HIS WIFE (RIGHT) AND DAUGHTER JUNE IN MIRANDA HAT.



Artists like Vancouver singer, Olga Romanik, shown with designer Stuart MacKay, are steady clients.



Tanyss Malabar helped develop the firm whose stock includes shoes, wigs and even these grotesque heads.

MAKE-BELIEVE BY MALABAR

Sarah Malabar, matriarch of Canada's colorful dynasty of costumers, took a fortune teller's tip and built a big business on grownups' desire to dress up. Once unknowingly she rented a confidence man a Mountie's uniform which he used in his work

By TRENT FRAYNE

Photos by Paul Rockett

THE WIND-LASHED SNOW blew in long horizontal lines up Winnipeg's Main Street as two fashionably turned-out matrons pushed their way under a sign that swung and creaked in the wind and identified the dingy building as the Malabar Costume Company. They found the room bare except for a few costumes hanging along one wall and a woman on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor. She had her dress pinned up in a bunch at the small of her back and she wore a faded red bandanna. She did not look up as the door was pushed closed against the whirling snow.

The two women, who had come to rent costumes for a masquerade party, waited impatiently to be served. No one appeared from the back of the store where they could see living quarters. Finally they addressed the scrubwoman but she interrupted them with a violent shake of her head and a mumbled, "No speak Engleesh." The customers left and Sarah Malabar, sole owner of the

Malabar Costume Company, finished her scrubbing, unhooked her pinned-up dress and walked into her rooms at the back of her store.

Years later, when Malabar's had long been established as the largest and most affluent costume company in Canada, Sarah Malabar reflected that she had built her business on hard work, perseverance and common sense. "It would not have been prudent to let those women know that the owner of Malabar's was also the scrubwoman," she remarked. "They'd never have returned."

Whether this was common sense or just plain pride, the fact is irrefutable that hundreds of thousands of customers have been returning to Malabar's ever since widowed Sarah started supporting her four small children by going into the costume business on a fortune teller's hint and a borrowed three hundred dollars. Today eighty-two-year-old Sarah heads a company that has branches in Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg and does

Head of Toronto men's department, Sir Richard Moon, fits actor Lorne Greene in doublet.

TV dancers Lorraine Thompson (left) and Anna Wilmet fit costumes with Laura Roe, head of women's department.

Malabar's provides costumes for fifty per cent of TV shows including the Big Revue and Leslie Bell Singers program.

Story and pictures
continued on next page





Matriarch Sarah began the Malabar story fifty years ago when, a widow with four children, she bought out a tiny Winnipeg costume store which she and her family built into a \$400,000 a year business. With her at home are (left to right) granddaughter June Farquharson, daughter Tanyss, granddaughter Nancy, son Harry, his wife Jean, standing.



Still a Malabar family enterprise, the expanded Winnipeg store is now run by Sarah's son James (left), who is president. He is assisted by (from left to right) his son Douglas, wife Emily, and Ross, the elder son, who is vice-president. Both boys joined the firm after service in the army and air force during World War II.

MALABAR (cont'd)

Dressing up can involve more than the costume. Store make-up man Eric Wringe makes 26-year-old Toronto actress, Katherine Blake, a grandmother, and Johanna York provides her Malabar wig.



between \$375,000 and \$400,000 worth of business a year renting and selling costumes. One of her children has died but each of the other three is president of a branch.

Superstition played its part in the building of Malabar's. Shortly before Sarah's husband, John Malabar, died in 1902 of tuberculosis she found a broken mirror in the bathroom of their home in Mexico where the family had gone for his health. When years later she found another in the Toronto store she refused to make any decisions for a week, fearing they would boomerang and bring catastrophe on the business. As long as her children can remember they have hidden any broken mirrors from their mother. She refuses to dine at a table seating thirteen people. At a recent family reunion which involved in-laws and grandchildren Sarah stopped in the middle of the meal and insisted that the maid stop serving and join them at the table. There had been thirteen people dining.

The business probably would never have been started had not Sarah been this way. Soon after she returned from Mexico she tried dressmaking as a means of raising her family, renting tiny

Continued on page 45

Where the Chicken's Plenty and the Cream is Rich

Created in Old-Time Farm Kitchens . . .

Cream of Chicken Soup is made for you by Campbell's in the same hearty tradition. To a slow-simmered chicken broth are added heavy cream and tender pieces of chicken, with a garnish of celery, and fine seasoning. Result—a soup rich and smooth . . . and a great and growing favorite. Keep it on your soup shelf. Delight the family with it often!



Campbell's
CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



8 weeks to Christmas



Christmas box—1953 style. The home freezer holds next month's holiday dinner, awaiting only the fun of final preparation—without the rush.



Everyone makes Christmas puddings early. Now even the light not-so-rich kind may be frozen and forgotten, until Dec. 25.

Pies — individual or full size — may be frozen, baked or unbaked. On Christmas Day, they'll be oven fresh.

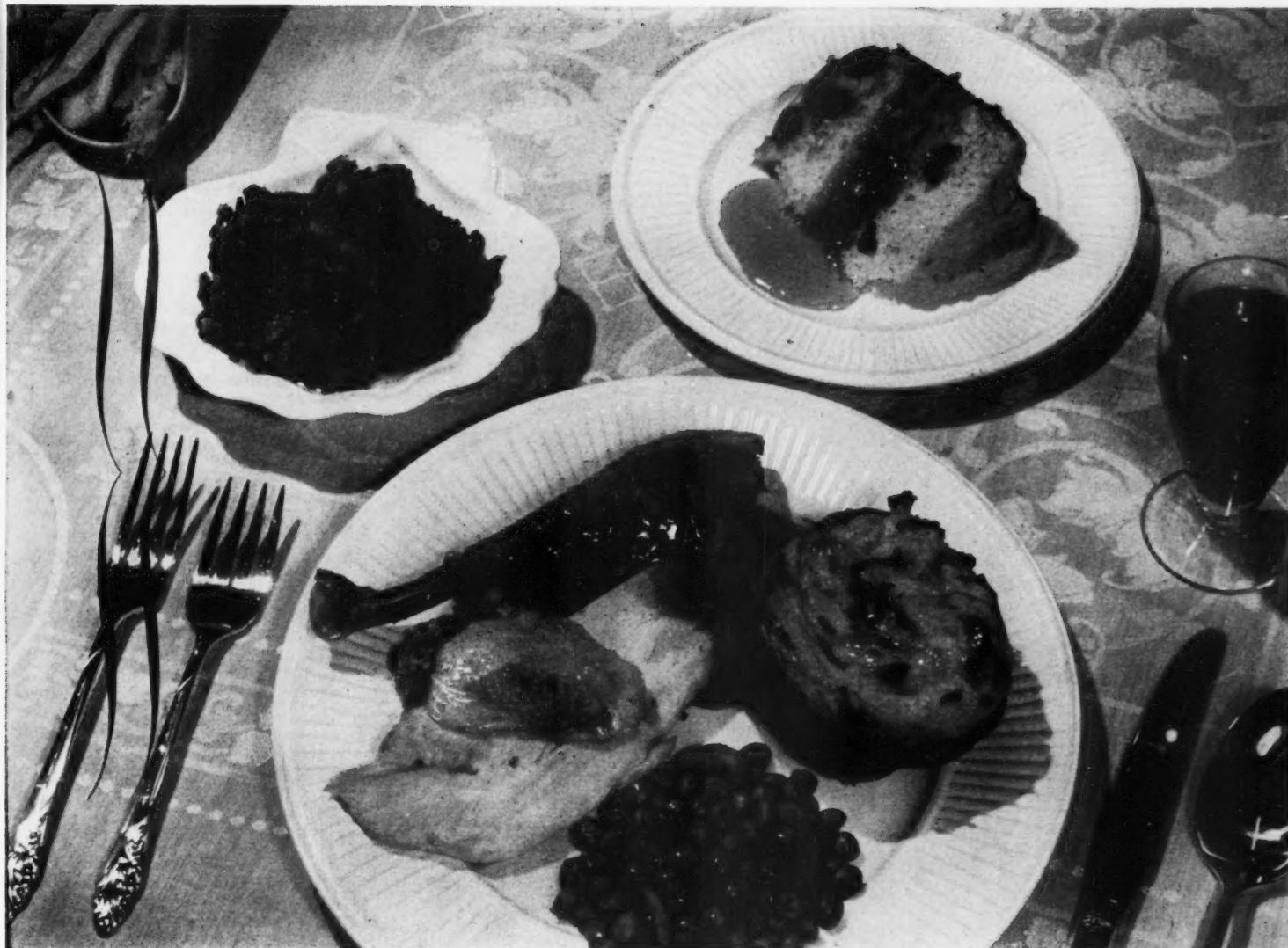


The turkey, selected early and frozen, eases the strain on December's budget. A freezer bag of crumbled bread cuts time for mixing the stuffing.



Now potatoes — baked, stuffed and frozen. No more to do but pop them in the oven.





MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER NOW AND FREEZE IT

BY FRANCES HUCKS, *Chatelaine Institute*

EIGHT WEEKS to Christmas—and you've hardly settled down after the summer holidays. But it's not a moment too soon to start preparations for your Christmas dinner if you rent a locker, own a home freezer or have a generous freezing section in your refrigerator. Photographed here are the main items to prepare

now for Chatelaine's traditional holiday dinner which is detailed on page 54 along with a popular alternative menu and all needed instructions. Having so much ready so soon leaves just enough final preparation to put you in the true holiday spirit—and gives you plenty of leisure to enjoy it with the rest of the family.

NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20	11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
31	1

8

weeks to Christmas

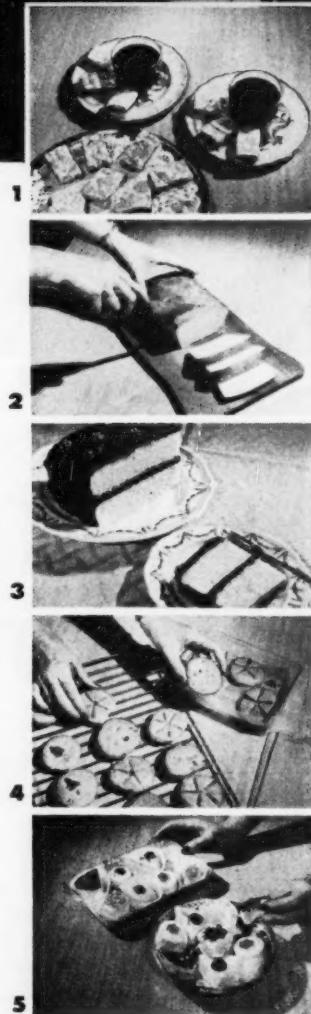


CAKES AND COOKIES GO IN THE FREEZER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS

BY JEAN BYERS, *Chatelaine Institute*

HAVE YOUR PARTY FOOD freezer-fresh and ready to serve when those Christmas callers drop in. Baked goods take only minutes to thaw and taste as delicious as the day they were made. The treats pictured here (recipes on page 51), are designed to save you time and add variety to your stock of casual refreshments. 1 Jam Squares for Christmas jam sessions. What better, for tea party or teen party, than tasty cake squares filled with the family's favorite jam? 2 Orange Bread that is extra-good cold, scrumptious if toasted, and ready at a minute's notice. Serve it along with Fruit-and-Nut Bread for the easiest Christmas-caller combination. 3 Frozen Layer Cake? Why not, when it can be kept in the freezer until needed. Even the icing will stay fresh and moist. 4 Christmas cookies always make a hit, especially if ready without last-minute baking. Vary the flavor, change the shapes, and decorate as you will. Presto! Several kinds of cookies from one basic dough. 5 Petits Fours pretty up a party in no time; transfer direct to silver salver. The time-taking decorating is done ahead and all that remains is to serve—and accept the compliments.

These holiday-sweet recipes are on page 51



"Enriched" Bread Adds Nutrition to Party Snacks

"Toast for Tea"—with the underlying goodness of Vitamin-enriched flour

When the moment is one of relaxation, the occasion gay or restful as may be, your thought is to offer food that will charm your guests, delight your family. How doubly successful you are when you have the nutritional score in mind, as well as the enjoyment rating!

Tricky toasts are a standby with the knowing hostess—little fingers or squares with a topping that is savory and appetizing or one that combines special flavor with sweetness.

Added "Protective" Elements

Toast, fancy or plain, can now be made from the fine white bread which seems so delicate, but which packs such sturdy virtues as three of the most important B vitamins and iron, thus adding protective elements to energy-producing bread. Nutritional advantage—right in your bright party fare! Just try some of these delicious toast specialties with the low cost and the high appeal.

Savory—and Irresistible



Lightly toast enriched bread slices, remove crusts, spread with butter or margarine, cut into squares and use as base for

Squares à la King: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ can thick condensed cream of chicken soup (or cream of mushroom soup) with 2 tablespoons chopped canned pimiento and about $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped toasted pecans. Spread on prepared toast and bake until heated through—3 to 5 minutes at 450° . Always a hit!

Working quickly, spread hot golden toast with one of the following mixtures, cut into slim fingers or squares and serve at once.

Anchovy Fingers: Blend anchovy paste to taste, into butter or margarine.

Sardine Shapes: Add a little lemon juice and plenty of fresh-ground pepper to mashed sardines or suitable fish paste. Spread toast first with butter or margarine.

Cheese Teasers: Spread hot toast with soft butter or margarine . . . shred cheese over bubbly . . . cut into fingers. Broil until cheese is bubbly— $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 minute.

Variations:

1. Into the soft butter or margarine, blend to taste your choice of prepared or dry mustard . . . Worcestershire sauce . . . finely-chopped pickle or olives. Top with the shredded cheese and broil as above.
2. Prepare the basic Cheese Teasers, then sprinkle with a few tiny pieces of lightly-cooked bacon or chopped nuts. Broil as above.

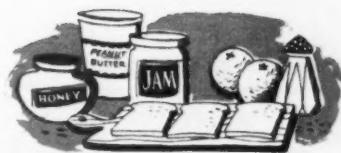
Golden Pinwheels: As a variation of cheese dreams, use as a spread on loaf-long slices

of crust-free bread, a filling such as one of the anchovy, sardine or cheese mixtures already suggested . . . roll up like miniature jelly rolls, wrap and chill, slice, and bake at 450° until golden—about 5 minutes.

Sweet—and Flavorful

Peanut-Strawberry Treats: Blend a little thick strawberry jam (the berry part) with peanut butter and spread on hot golden toast. Very beguiling!

Orange Fruit Toast: Just blend in a little grated orange rind into soft butter or margarine before spreading on lightly-toasted fruit bread. Simple and sumptuous.



Honey-Butter Toast: Cream well $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine and blend in about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid honey, to make of nice spreading consistency. Store in covered jar. A delectable spread.

Variations: Add a little grated orange or lemon rind . . . or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts . . . or dash of grated nutmeg.

some finely-cut coconut . . . or a few drops of good maple flavoring . . . or a little ground cinnamon.

Cinnamon Sprinkle: To turn a quick trick, mix 2 tablespoons fine granulated or fruit sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon and a few grains nutmeg. Keep in a spice shaker. Sprinkle on hot buttered toast.

Cinnamon Toast: Cream until fluffy $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup brown or fine granulated sugar. Spread thinly on hot toast (will do 8 slices) and serve at once.

Variations: Add 2 teaspoons grated orange rind . . . or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts . . . or dash of grated nutmeg.

Oven-Fragrant Goodies...

Treats from your Baker that "make" a menu



Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to national welfare through
increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!



8

weeks to Christmas

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS... A play for

HERE IS THE WARMING STORY OF HOW THE CHILDREN OF ONE CANADIAN CHURCH CAPTURED THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS—WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU TO PRESENT THIS SAME NATIVITY PLAY IN YOUR OWN CHURCH THIS YEAR



Four hundred youngsters joined in the path that led to the manger in a renewal of the oldest miracle.

children to act

by CATHERINE FRASER

Illustrated by William Winter

THERE WERE ONLY twenty-five shopping days left till Christmas last year, when the minister of our church in Toronto started worrying that the children of his congregation were much more aware of the Santa Claus parade just past than of the greatest of Christian festivals just ahead.

In those twenty-five days, hectic in any mother's year, a group of women shopped for materials, designed and created costumes, scurried around for properties and trained eighty-five children to take part in a pageant. The organist composed liturgical dance music, the verger built a stage and arranged footlights and mended sewing machines that broke and checked any sign of panic on the part of the mothers by reminding them that "Smooth sailing never made a good sailor."

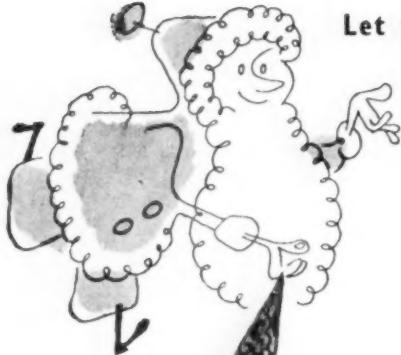
Then on the Sunday night before Christmas nine hundred parents and children and grandparents crowded into the church. At seven o'clock the bells tolled and the youthful whispering stopped and the children of the parish enacted the old, old story of the birth of our Lord with the simple sweetness that no adult can imitate. At the conclusion of the pageant four hundred youngsters joined in the path that led to the manger and the grownups watching them felt the miracle of the oldest of Christian stories being as fresh and new as the year ahead.

What follows is the Nativity Play as it was presented in our church—Christ Church, Deer Park, on north Yonge Street, in Toronto—with considerable success a year ago. It is complete with full stage directions (actually, they're very simple) so that you may produce it in your own church this Christmas if you're looking for such a play.

To avoid those gurgling pauses when young children become speechless in mid-sentence we arranged our Nativity Play to let the children do the acting and gave all the speaking parts to two narrators. The curate (The First Narrator) read the Biblical excerpts, while the introduction and the running explanation were given by the rector—ours being an Anglican Church. In another church

Continued on page 62





Let your Christmas gift be

British Lace

Choose British lace for
a Christmas gift certain to
delight with its delicate
and enduring beauty.

Lace Furnishings at their best
come from Britain, the traditional
home of fine craftsmanship.

Wonderful lace tablecloths
and curtains make the perfect gift,
tasteful and traditional,
lovely and lasting.

Buy British Lace this
Christmas time.



*Beautiful Lace Tablecloths and
Curtains are on sale at all the
leading stores. They come in a
wide range of patterns and prices*

BRITISH LACE FURNISHINGS
are made in Ayrshire, Scotland, and
Nottingham, England, and imported to
grace Canadian homes.



THE BRITISH LACE FURNISHINGS SEAL IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

A GIRL IS 5 FOOT 4

Continued from page 20

her friends who are short to follow when they go shopping: *Shoulder padding skimpy. Waistlines well defined. Sleeves either brief-to-nothing or midway between shoulder and elbow. Belts narrow. Jewelry neither bulky nor dangling. Hats with practically no brims. Handbags small.*

One other thing—and this is important—the short girl should make sure all her suit skirts are lined to prevent that sagging-seat look.

And our makeover didn't stop at clothes. A new hairdo was next on the list for Muriel—one of those short-shaped-and-curly cuts that take the hair off the neck and build it high at

the sides. On this page we've illustrated Muriel's attractive new hairdo and showed exactly how the pin curls are set.

We prescribed clear red lipstick to be applied slightly over her natural lipline, and a little mascara and eyebrow pencil to provide emphasis for her face and draw attention upward.

Muriel also learned that there's a right foundation garment for the small girl—those new extended-waistline girdles that give a longer line between the hips and bust, plus a good uplift bra to make that line even longer.

Muriel was still five foot one when we started but she looked closer to five foot six, slimmer and much smarter. But Operation Makeover for Muriel passed its most important test when she herself exclaimed, "I actually feel taller." *

MORE LESSONS IN LOOKS FOR OUR 5'4"-OR-UNDER GIRL



Foundation garments for the petite figure should have long waistlines to nip the torso, and firm uplift bras to lengthen the body line. Longer bras for heavier figures.



Muriel's hair style is easy to pin curl. The hair is dampened and separated into four sections—top, sides and back. White lines show how curls should be set for the top.



Reverse each row of curls for the side setting—one to the left and one to the right. This makes soft deep waves. Make them smaller near the face to frame it in curls.



Set the back the same right-left way but pin all the very bottom curls smaller and tightly so the ends will brush out into soft fluffy curls.

Foundation Garments by Perma-Lift.

e've illus-
ew hairdo
e pin curls
stick to be
ral lipline,
row pencil
face and
re's a right
small girl
ne girdles
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ually feel



B36 in Oak or Walnut with twin trays and drawer—41" long.



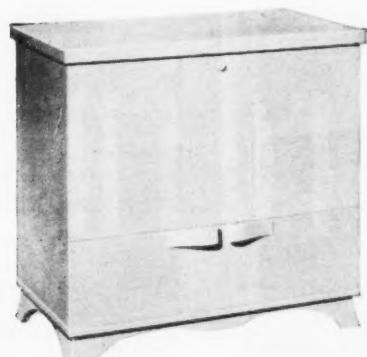
B34 in Colonial Maple or Mahogany, with drawer—41" long.



A33 moderately priced in matched Walnut, with drawer—39" long.



F7 in beautiful Swirl Mahogany with Serpentine front, with drawer—44" long.



F9 roomy apartment chest in Oak or Walnut, with drawer—34" long.

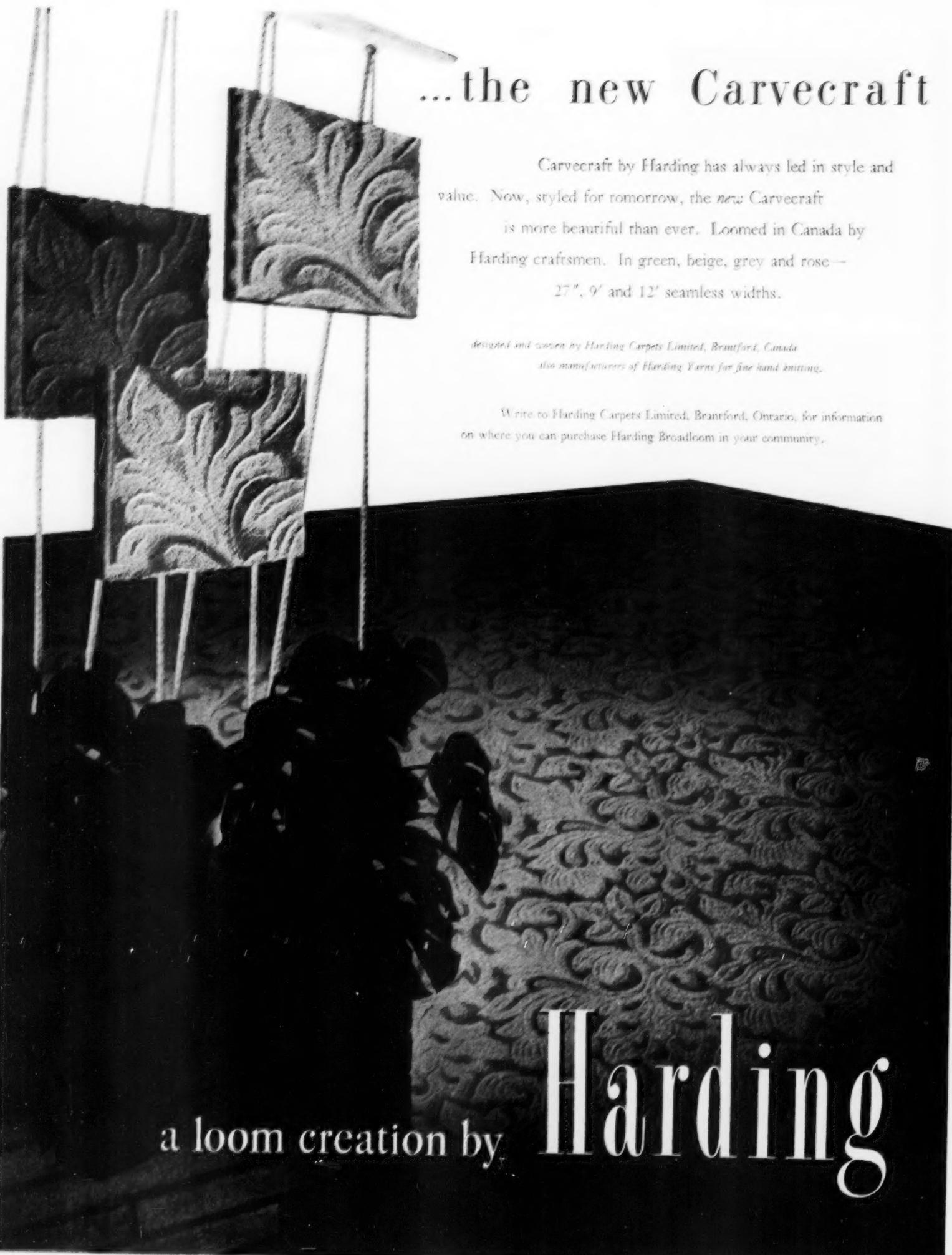


"Darling! I have a suggestion..."

For sentimental reasons she wants a cedar chest—and because she's a smart girl she wants none other than "Red Seal" by Honderich. To enduring quality and stunning good looks have been added all those special touches that make "Red Seal" cedar chests a delight to own and a joy to use. Now is the time to see them at furniture and department stores across Canada. Write to us for free catalogue.

Red Seal by HONDERICH

THE HONDERICH FURNITURE COMPANY LIMITED, MILFERTON, ONTARIO



...the new Carvecraft

Carvecraft by Harding has always led in style and value. Now, styled for tomorrow, the *new* Carvecraft is more beautiful than ever. Loomed in Canada by Harding craftsmen. In green, beige, grey and rose—
27", 9' and 12' seamless widths.

*designed and woven by Harding Carpets Limited, Brantford, Canada
also manufacturers of Harding Yarns for fine hand knitting.*

Write to Harding Carpets Limited, Brantford, Ontario, for information on where you can purchase Harding Broadloom in your community.

a loom creation by **Harding**

TRANSPLANTED

Continued from page 17

away, as he rounded a turn, and he pulled a rose pod and nibbled the red waxy stuff. It seemed he was a striding boy again, while a flat-chested friendly-faced Peggy followed, mimicking his ways, lest he send her home for the crime of being born female.

His chest tightened as the musty green smell of the lake cooled his nostrils. Let's face it, he thought wryly, the week ahead isn't going to be easy, particularly without Gloria, I'll want to stay on this farm for I love it like life itself. And against it, what has the city to offer? A heated apartment with janitor service, cheques twice a month, electricity, milk pasteurized and delivered, kindergarten for the kids Gloria and I want. But Gloria loves the city, so I'll stay there, a glorified sales clerk, but really I'm just a transplanted farmer.

"If I hadn't got that raise," he said, and started a sitting gopher. He switched his grip to the other hand, and thought about how last night the promotion had seemed a good omen for their choice of city life. He and Gloria had been preparing to celebrate when the phone had rung. He'd just finished zipping up her silver dress which made her fine-boned body graceful as a mermaid. Looking down at her blond, cropped head, he'd said, "Now we'll have enough money for a family. Can we support two or three children? Should we order twins, or triplets?" He'd left his hands on her white, warm shoulders, savoring the velvet feel of her woman's flesh.

She tilted her golden head, and her green-blue eyes glowed. "Children get more expensive as they grow older."

"I'll never be used to figuring kids in dollars. I guess it's because Grandpa raised me out on the farm, and if I was hungry, there was always the carrot patch."

"You still want to go back?"

He smiled gently at her. "Nothing has changed my feeling about the place. But I gave up that life when we married." He heard the throaty chuckle which always stirred him because it said Gloria was pleased. But she cut it short.

"According to tradition, I'm wrong," she said. "A woman should follow her man, not a man live in a certain place for a woman . . ."

"I'm not objecting," said Martin, and moved to take her into his arms. The phone had shrilled at that moment, stopping his hands ready to caress, and his lips ready to kiss. He moved to answer it.

"Hello," he said.

"This is house to house, long distance," came a familiar voice. "I've come from your grandpa's house, Martie. He's very bad. I don't think he'll live the night, although Doc Burke went back to town."

A hysterical titter broke across Peggy's voice, then a click ended it. "Your grandmother," she said gently. "On her line."

"Should I take a taxi? Now?"

"I don't think so," answered Peggy slowly. He could almost see her in the farmhouse a mile from his grandfather's yard. Her tall figure would be standing by the hall door, ear-piece jammed to

her head. She'd matured into a capable woman, attractive in a healthy tanned way. "There's nothing you can do. It's a stroke. He doesn't know us at all. Oh, take the bus, Martie. You'll be here by evening. But be prepared for the worst. And I'll go over first thing in the morning."

"Thank you," said Martin gratefully.

"Your grandma's aged this summer too." He wondered if there was faint reproach in her voice. "Good-by now Martie."

"Thank you again. Good-by."

Gloria had refused to come with him. "You'll be better by yourself," she'd said. "Remember how your grandmother cried at our wedding, saying you'd married 'one of them kind of girls.' Let's face it. I'd only upset the poor soul. I'll send flowers, and you phone me if anything comes up."

"Eighty-three years," said Martin.

"He swore he'd live until I decided to come home."

"Sorry?" asked Gloria.

"I was raised a farmer, after all. I'd still be there, if it hadn't been for the war, then going back to agricultural college, and then . . . this job selling farm machinery."

"If you hadn't met me," said Gloria, running her pink-tipped fingers through her short yellow hair.

He caught her hands. Soft well-kept hands. "Yes," he agreed. "Farm wives sometimes become farm drudges." He pulled her to him, and she leaned her neat head against his chest. He smelled the perfume she wore for parties, and the soft clean odor of her bathed flesh. After four years, he was still afraid of losing her. He'd beat out two wealthy men, and he felt he was so almighty average that he wondered how. He looked down at her quiet face. She had shiny, soft, clear skin over a smooth

brow, and her eyes were slanting blue-green above fine cheekbones. She smiled, revealing the perfection of her white teeth. He tightened her to him, free of inner loneliness as their bodies pressed together.

"Complete, aren't we?" he said.

She lifted an eyebrow. "Will be, when we have the baby. I'm so happy we can afford one."

"I think the old days were the best," Martin said. "When people took children as they came. Sometimes I get a superstitious feeling that while we budget and consider the price of cribs and baby food, there are ghosts of children crying in a Never-never-land, wanting parents who will never have them."

"What horrible thoughts. A fine mood for stepping out . . . or are we still going?"

"We might as well," said Martin. "But we'll get back earlier. Okay?"

At Last! A Beauty Ingredient in Dishwashing Suds!

New DREFT with Lanolin



Only miracle suds with hand-soothing Lanolin ...plus Dreft's famous grease-cutting magic

Here is a new detergent made specially for you who want true mildness in the dishpan. Now Dreft contains soothing lanolin, the beauty ingredient found in leading hand creams.

Yet, with all this extra mildness, Dreft gives you the easiest dishwashing ever. Dreft's self-washing action cuts grease like magic. Just a swish of the cloth as you rinse, and dishes and glasses shine—even without wiping.

Get new Dreft with lanolin, today!



Only Detergent with soothing Lanolin

*O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars*

MARLOWE

YARDLEY
a language of loveliness

Fragrances
Aids to Beauty
Bath Luxuries

In the morning, Gloria packed his bag with quick efficiency. She found a black tie from somewhere, and borrowed a black armband from a neighbor. The two black things were in his grip, swinging under his hand, waiting to be worn, and he hurried faster over the dying leaves in the evening twilight, coming down to the bottom part of the hill, where on a rise of land the three-roomed house stood.

Martin saw the wisp of an old woman in jeans, slim as a girl, but walking stiff as her husband's age, clanging milk pails on her bent arms. "Granny," he shouted. She didn't turn her head. He remembered she was going deaf.

The huge mongrel collies had heard and started to bark, deep clamor from their throats. Granny heard them, and put a hand above her thick white eyebrows, peering down the road, until he was close behind her. "Nanna," he said, choking, and she turned and caught him in her arms, a milk pail striking his ribs.

"Grandpa?" he asked.

"Passed on," said Granny, and looked up, blinking, at the early stars. Then she pulled free from him. "But I hadda get the milkin' done. Peggy is gone up town for medicine for me."

"You haven't phoned the doctor?"

"He's come twice," complained Grandma. "Took ten bucks off'n me each time. Wanted to take Teddy to the hospital. I wouldn't hear of it. They do all sorts of things to people in hospitals."

"I'll phone him right away. And then I'll milk, and you can let the neighbors know."

"All sorts of things to people in hospitals," Gran was saying. "Take blood out, and put other blood in, maybe pig blood, or monkey parts." She was muttering.

"We'll have the body taken to the funeral parlor."

"No," cried Grandma sharply. "Teddy can lay out right here. They do all sorts of things to people in funeral parlors."

The new problem struck him, like a branch falling from the maple tree above their heads. They could bury the old when they were dead, but what could they do with the living?

Martin followed her over the grass-woven turf. The old collie bitch came out, and pressed a hot nose into his palm, and whimpered deep in her throat. The three moved slowly, because Gran was feeble. He'd never thought these people would change. Gran had always been spry, and Grandpa had been so . . . so living. Grandpa's face had been seamed and wrinkled, the wrinkles thickening, deepening, until around his eyes there was not a clear bit of flesh. But the eyes themselves were startling, because there in the centre of the aged face was youth, looking out at the world, twinkling and sparkling in those deepest blue eyes.

Grandpa had never been sick. Oh, but wait. Martin frowned over his memories. Grandpa had been ailing the year his father and mother were killed in a car accident. The first time Martin had seen Grandpa, the old pioneer was sitting up in bed, and the first words from Grandpa's thick throat were, "Well, this land's got a Craig now. Guess I haven't time to be sick."

Grandpa was well by spring seeding. "Oh, the Lord's giving me more time."

Got to teach this lad about the soil." Grandpa loved good soil, and would squeeze it in his gnarled hands. "Feed the land," he'd say, "and your grandchildren will thank you." His eyes would sparkle out their humor toward him, and young Martin, looking up at the aged giant, would puzzle the meaning. Grandpa would laugh. "That's something, lad, for your grandchildren to thank you."

When Martin had gone overseas, Grandpa wrote him every week. "I sold the sow. She kilt her young (8). Put mony in pig account for you. Susie had her colt, mare. I'll sell her fall if you don't say different. I guess you'll buy a trakter. Not for me. Hurts my back. I aint young (he, he, he). Love, Granpa."

Martin entered the door to the dim, wooden kitchen, the stiff letters of his grandfather's pen so vivid in his head that he rubbed his eyes.

He walked quietly to the main bedroom. A squirrel ran on quick animated feet over the roof, as Martin saw the coins pressing the lids shut over his grandfather's blue eyes. Not pennies. Pennies were for ordinary folk. Grandma had found fifty-cent pieces.



CASE DISMISSED

By Helen Ball

**My dog annoys the neighbors.
He chases cats. He barks.
So justice must be meted out
to curb his canine larks.**

**But when he stands before me
with worship in his eyes,
suddenly the case breaks down
because I realize**

**how good it is to be
a small dog's deity.**



First Martin telephoned the doctor. He phoned the funeral parlor over Grandma's protests, promising she could stay by the body. He phoned the minister, and turned then to reassure the trembling old frame. "It'll be all right, Nanna," he said, trying to reach over her barrier of shock and fear.

Someone knocked. The collie hadn't barked. Peggy opened the door. "Martie," she cried as she entered. "You've come home."

"A sad occasion," said Martin, and heard his own words, stiff and pretentious. His backbone had braced. But why had he expected the old-fashioned protests of a deserted maiden from this girl who'd never held resentments as a child? Her grey eyes were frankly glad on his face. "You've come home," she had said.

"Hello dear," said Peggy, comforting his grandmother. "We'll be all right now, tonight, because we'll sleep."

"Them cows," the old woman cried, putting her hand to her wrinkled face. "Them poor cows."

Martin took the pail, guiltily, quickly. "Want help milking?" asked Peggy.

"You stay here," he said quietly. His brown eyes linked with hers in understanding. They both looked at Grandma.

As Martin's hands moved quickly, and he heard the zing-zong of the milk striking the pail, his mind stayed with

Peggy, back in the house, close now in flesh, as she had often been in nostalgic thoughts of his youth. He and Peggy had planned to marry when he'd been twenty, and she eighteen. She'd written thousands of words to him overseas, kept the farm and herself close and real to him, when it mattered most to have both waiting. As he leaned his tired head against the tickling warm flank of the cow he felt that the sojourn in the city studying, and marriage to Gloria, had been temporary, that the farm and Peggy were his destiny. It had taken Grandpa's death to shock him into the realization. "You've come home," rang the words again in his ears.

Then he shook the fantasy away. Grandpa was life past, he thought, and I was life going on, for him, life to guard and keep this land he'd pioneered. But Gloria is my mate, and within her sweet-smelling body, someday soon there will be my life going on. I cannot leave Gloria, he thought in desperate misery. Peggy was a dear first love, but Gloria is my heart and my hope, even as the land is me.

The cow flipped her stringy tail against his head, and he realized the zing-zong had diminished to quick zips under his farmer's fingers. He turned on the milk stool, and poured the foam off the milk into a battered jam pail. A dozen cats emerged from the shadows, wild cats, sharp-clawed, rough-furred, broken-eared, who'd never had a human hand fondle their backs. Their yellow eyes gleamed from a distance until he stood up, and moved away. Then they slunk to the dish.

When he went back into the house, all was muddled. The doctor had dashed out, the men from the funeral parlor had arrived, and Peggy was coaxing Grandma into fixing up her hair. They went to town in Peggy's car. Martin was sustained by gratitude to Peggy. She took full charge of Grandma, who was confused, tittering with amazed pleasure at seeing friends again, then weeping as the knowledge that her Teddy was dead washed again to her incredulous brain. They stayed in town. Peggy got her father to do the chores at the farm. Time passed in an hysterical whistling past Martin's ears, broken by hands shaking his, hands rising to clasp and part from him, wet hands of the too-stout, hard hands of the earth-toiler, soft hands of the unmarried girl, brittle hands of the old wife, firm hands of the matron, fingers stained from plum-canning.

Then all was quiet. It was raining gently from a lake-grey sky, as black dirt was tossed on the coffin. The good earth that Grandpa had loved was being tossed on wood, not touching the body of the man who would have liked to embrace it fully. Martin bit his lip on the wild desire to stop the service, and order the body taken from its box, to be folded right into the loam so as to decay more quickly, and become the loam to give life and nourishment to white roots pushing downward.

He looked away, and his brown eyes fell on Peggy's sorrowing face. Suppose he'd married Peggy before he'd gone overseas. There'd be children by now, a new house where Grandma could take her place by the window, and knit until she died. He'd care for the land, and have no tangle of emotions within him. *But there would have been no Gloria.*



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People were turning away from the grave, going back to the cars. It was over, all over, except what to do with Grandma. He'd talk it over with the minister.

Driving home in Peggy's car, Martin turned to Grandma, and very gently told her about an old ladies' home in Winnipeg. Comfortable with inside bathrooms, single rooms, visiting facilities. It had been the minister's suggestion. Grandma looked up at him, her faded eyes frightened, her white hair

wild under the queer black hat. "They do things to people in them places," she said, and her hand clutched his arm in a bewildered terror.

Joseph Corteau came after Grandma was snoring in a drugged sleep.

Joseph stood outside the threshold, rain running down his face, soaking his shirt. He waited peering at Martin, while the wind made the lamp flicker in its glass.

"Come in." Martin walked to hold out his hand.

"A long time," said the Métis, and the light rosed his yellow skin to an orange color. Joseph's face was criss-crossed with lines concentrated most heavily around his beaten black eyes. "I hear Mr. Craig passed away. I came for the job."

"Job?" Martin, startled, nearly dropped the wet brown hand he'd been shaking. Pride stiffened Joseph's face.

"I won the fight over who really owned the land," said Joseph.

"Only because Sadie tripped me. Come, I'll warm you with a cup of tea." Martin moved the kettle to a hotter place on the stove.

Joseph stepped into the room. "You said when you came into owning it, there'd be a job for me. I got out of jail a month back and no one will hire me."

"What were you in for this time?"

"Bootlegging," said Joseph honestly.

"Down on your luck to do that?"

Joseph rubbed a weary brown hand over his Indian face. "It seemed a good quick way to earn money. Sadie's fed up. She'd leave me, but she has no place to go. With three small kids, no one'll hire her for housework." He paused, moved to sit gingerly on a wooden chair. He spied Grandpa's can of tobacco, and paper, reached for them, and began to roll a cigarette. "I hear you married a society woman."

"There have been bleak spots in her life, too," said Martin.

Joseph licked, and closed the cigarette carefully. Grandma was still snoring, and Martin shut the door tightly. "I suppose you'll build a new house for her," said Joseph.

Martin didn't answer.

"That would leave this place for me," said the Métis. "Ever thought of raising mink? I know where we could get some cheap."

"Stolen?"

"No," said Joseph, indignantly. "Smuggled from Saskatchewan."

"I'll do the buying and selling." Martin's words closed tight around him as he saw the gleam in Joseph's face.

"I'll tell Sadie—in the buggy with the kids."

"In this rain? Get them. But wait. Don't take anything for granted. Nothing's decided. Just get them to sleep here."

Sadie came soon with the three children. Joseph was looking after his bony mare. Martin thought he'd never seen more pitiful children, and Sadie was large again, without the good looks she'd once had. She kept embarrassed eyes on the linoleum.

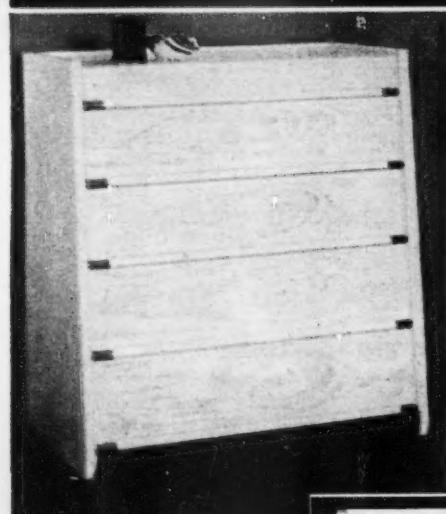
"I thought you would still be in jail," said Martin aside to Joseph while Sadie settled the babies in the second bedroom. "Only for four months," said Joseph. "Time off for good behavior."

Well, that meant Joseph had been in contact with a warden who'd treated him courteously. Joseph couldn't take shoving, or orders. He looked like a tramp, but he wasn't one. He couldn't crush the independence of the trapper and become servile for food or money. He'd been court-martialed from the army, and lost job after job, until he'd turned to cheating and stealing to get along. Martin knew Joseph would be a good hired man for him, because he understood this lack of ability to accept an abrupt command.

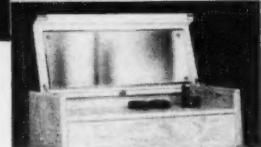
A stout, bug-eyed, cigar-mouthed man drove to the house next day. "I want to rent your land," he said. "I'm Elmer Frotte."

Martin had heard about him. Elmer Frotte rented a lot of land, hiring men to take crops from the soil, and returning not a speck of fertilizer. And yet, wouldn't it be good business to take the money? It would pay Grandma's way in that home, and Joseph could stay on

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in the small house, and milk that cow . . .

Of course he shouldn't feel he owed Joseph anything. But the idea was there just the same. It dated back to the fight he had lost years ago. Not because he had lost it, but rather, sitting on the grass, warm thick blood pouring from his nose, it had dawned on him then how Joseph felt. Joseph's people had settled the valley first, fishing in the lake, growing small crops in patches in its fertile land. Then his grandfather had moved in, waving a piece of paper signed by a government half a continent away, and stating that he was owner. The injustice of it still boiled in Joseph's being.

"Give you a good price," said Elmer Frotte. "I'm doing you a favor, see. You live in the city, and you'll be glad of this extra dough . . ."

"I'll let you know later," said Martin, and turned away abruptly.

When Martin returned to the house he found Sadie scrubbing, twisting socks over her swollen hands, her face tired, but the desperation in her eyes eased a little. Martin told them all what was in his mind. Joseph and his family could stay in the house, Grandma could board in a nice home, near him and Gloria, and Elmer Frotte would take the good of the soil. Grandma started to cry, half-stuffing a piece of flannelette sheeting over her mouth. "If you hadn't married one of them kind," she sobbed, "I'd have my place."

"If we stay here, she can too," said Sadie. "I'll look after you, Mrs. Craig."

Martin stared at her. "It's a matter of arithmetic," he said. And it was. How could two parents, four children and an old lady live in three rooms?

So now he had his household; a hired man he'd contracted for in his youth, the hired man's wife and four children (one sheltered from life), and a grandmother on the farm, left to him by his grandfather, land not just tilled, but rather cherished by an old pioneer, so that his descendants might be their own landlords. But instead the heir chose to rent five rooms, heated and lighted, belonging to someone else. He chose to make money for someone else, selling his time at a profit, letting the land be exploited—and all for a woman. He had been one week away from Gloria, and knew he wasn't thinking straight.

He phoned her, asking the circle of heads to be quiet. "I'm so glad to hear your voice," she said. "Will you be home tomorrow?"

"I don't think so. I've had to make arrangements. I think I'm going to let a friend have the house, and Grandma can stay here."

"A friend?"

He squeezed a laugh from his voice box. "You've heard me mention a schoolmate. Joseph Corteau."

Gloria was shocked. "You'll let a convict on your farm?"

"He's fine," said Martin keeping joviality in his voice. "Do a good job."

"But can you trust him?"

If he could farm the land, rather than me rent to Frotte, it would be on crop shares," said Martin eyeing the large listening ears of Joseph, black head bent, rolling a cigarette from Grandpa's tobacco tin. "I'm lucky this chap came along. Of course I'll have to run out every other week end to see Gran."

"To see there are no stills in the woods, no deer poaching, no stolen goods in the barn," said Gloria, her voice brittle. "It's no good, darling. You've told me all about Joseph."

"But what can I do?" burst out Martin. "What can I do?"

"Sell the farm," said Gloria. "We'll manage Granny."

"I can't sell the farm," said Martin desperately. "I'll make Grandpa's life as nothing if I do. Don't you understand?"

"Time is up," cut in the operator.

"Come home, darling," said Gloria. "We'll talk it out."

"Good-by," said Martin, and hung up. Where there had been a voice from Gloria, there was nothing. But there were three pairs of eyes looking at him, Grandma's accusing, Joseph's carefully blank, and hardest of all to bear, Sadie's filled with gratitude.

Martin strolled out of the house, cutting the eyes from his sight. He found his legs going toward Peggy's

home. Through his head sang the refrain of discontented husbands everywhere, words he'd heard overseas a thousand times, in card games, in bars, in hotel rooms, the overworked abused sentence: She doesn't understand me.

Martin saw the lights of the Williams' farm. The light in Peggy's room flickered, winked out. He thought of pitching pebbles against her window, as he had the night he had decided to join the air force. She had come down in a nightie and cotton housecoat, and he'd

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held her shyly, thinking how it would be after they were married. They'd planned it, a quick quiet affair. But Peggy had changed her mind. The next week, she had told him she'd wait for a proper marriage after the war. He'd grown away from her, and when he returned, he couldn't muster wanting of any intensity. Then he'd met Gloria, and everything else had been swept away in the flood of desire for this slim, small green-eyed girl.

Martin heard the shrill yapping of

Peggy's fox terrier. She hadn't owned a dog years ago. This small animal was barking at his footsteps. He turned and strode back home.

When Joseph was out, and Sadie hanging clothes outside next day, Martin phoned Peggy. Yes, she'd come over right after supper and have a talk.

Martin saw her coming, swinging up the road, sun-browned, and attractive in a tweed jacket and skirt. He went out to meet her, and smiling, she turned

with him to walk in companionable silence through the woods, as they had so many times gone to watch the evening bus roar by. Martin stopped to pump the long trough full of water. Peggy watched him, studying him, her eyes bright with affection, rooted from childhood years.

"I can guess what it's about," she said. "Gossip flies fast. You want me to watch Joseph's doings."

"I've been wondering how to put it in a tactful way," said Martin, wiping

his hands on a handkerchief. They started walking. "Not that I distrust him, but I'd feel happier to be certain."

They spoke softly, because in the clearness of the evening, voices carried. They were within sight of the highway, and as they walked up the hill, hand slipped into hand, as of old. The turning leaves fell slowly from the quiet sky, not helped by a breeze, but drifting wearily, as if too tired to hang on with the tips of their stems. A skunk ran, tail flat, ahead of them, and they paused to let it gain distance.

"I'm going back tomorrow. Joseph's been sleeping on the floor, me on the couch, and Sadie and the kids in the big bed. Grandma's in my old room on the camp cot." He stopped talking, pulled a tall weed up by its roots, and said, "I hate to go back."

"I hate a city, too," said Peggy. "Crowds, streetcars, pushing . . . I can stand it for a day."

They heard the bus in the distance, a break in its roaring speed, and then it came on again. "I'll catch the bus in the morning. I'll try and get out again soon. There'll be legal ends to clear up, too."

"I think Joseph will be all right with you," said Peggy in measured tones. "You give him a sense of personal worth. Sadie's been good for him, too—he's never run around wild since he's had her. He knows you believe in him. He's held up by that. Of course, if you were right here with him, it would be still better." She smiled at him.

"I've never asked you before if you forgive me," said Martin abruptly, pulling at a goldenrod, and dropping it.

The bus passed. Martin didn't look up. He was painfully conscious of Peggy's ringless fingers.

"Don't be silly, dear. You can't help what life does to us all."

They turned to look down the hill, and Martin noticed the green of weeds in the far quarter. That should be plowed under; would Joseph get time? Martin gripped Peggy's arm, and she turned her head toward him. His lips found hers waiting, strangely mature and passionate lips. He lifted his face, and said in loud anguish, "I should never have left, Peggy." The clearness of his tones rang in his own ears.

In the silence he heard a crackling, and turned his head. Gloria was standing stockstill by the side of the highway. Her face was ashen under its make-up. In the moment before she spoke, their eyes met.

"Hi, you two," she said. Her voice trembled slightly. "I woke up early enough to take the bus this morning. Made a mistake about the stop, though, had the driver let me off at the other side road. I've had to walk a bit." She swallowed hard as if the attempt to be normal had taken every bit of moisture from her throat.

"Let me help," Martin said, and went to hold the upper strand of barbed wire high, and press his dusty shoe hard on the lower one. Even so, Gloria caught her stocking.

"Oh," said Gloria, tears starting in her eyes, and smothered a sob as she watched the run laddering down her leg. "My best pair," she explained to Peggy, and turned her face away from them.

A catbird wailed as the three of them walked the long mile to the house. Gloria said nothing. Peggy said noth-

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ing. Martin whistled back at the catbird, wondering what to say. At the yard, Peggy said "Goodnight," and walked swiftly down the road, black head high.

Gloria stared after her. "So you still like her," she cried in low-voiced agony.

Martin's mind searched for words to make his folly right, and said nothing.

"I can't help wondering if you've been kissing her in the bushes all week."

"It was a moment," said Martin, groping for words. "A moment of old times."

"I don't know what to think," said Gloria. She turned into the house. Martin followed. Joseph was rolling a pile of cigarettes, finishing the can of tobacco. He didn't stand up when Martin made the introductions. Sadie did. Then Sadie went quietly into the large bedroom, and carried the sleeping baby out. "Joseph, will you put the tent up? And call the children to it?" she asked. "Mrs. Craig is here."

"I'm going back to town," cried Gloria.

"We have sleeping bags," said Joseph. "This is your home, Mrs. Craig." He gathered the cigarettes, put them loose in his pockets.

After they had gone, Grandma went into her bedroom, her stiff neck high, her white hair wild. "Cup of tea?" asked Martin, moving the kettle. "Sorry I can't offer you sherry."

Gloria looked at him directly, pain still in her eyes. "I had such a wonderful happy speech prepared," she said. "I suppose I can still say it. I've always shied away from country living, because my earliest memories were such painful ones, of Mother and Dad on a northern

homestead. Oh, I was terribly small when we left, but I suppose my attitude comes from that. But I know, above my silly fear, that today is different on farms."

"It's hard work," said Martin, moving close to her, but she shook her head at him.

"I'm struck dumb by the idea that a country lass can take my husband right under my very nose."

"Gloria," he objected, and came to her, and ran his hands, pale city hands but with strong farmer's fingers, up her arms to grip her shoulders and turn her to him. His grandfather's life, his grandmother's need, Joseph's poverty, and Sadie's plight, and the brief ache for Peggy paled, but two drives remained—the determination not to sell the farm, and the warm desire within him for this woman. "Call what I said there, and did there, a moment of weakness. Where you are is home to me. I love you, Gloria."

She would not relax her slim body. "I guess you do, Martin," she said. "But it won't work out, you coming here every other week end."

"You come too," he returned.

"Through the pregnancy we want, and a young baby's life? How could I? No, if you won't sell the farm, we'll have to move out here and try the life, that's all." She could muster a smile now. "A young child suffers anguish, because it's helpless . . . that's why I remember farming as being so grim. But we're adult."

He tightened his arms around her. "We'll build a modern home up on the hill," he said. "I'll promise you a good life, Gloria." *

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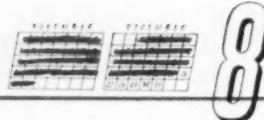


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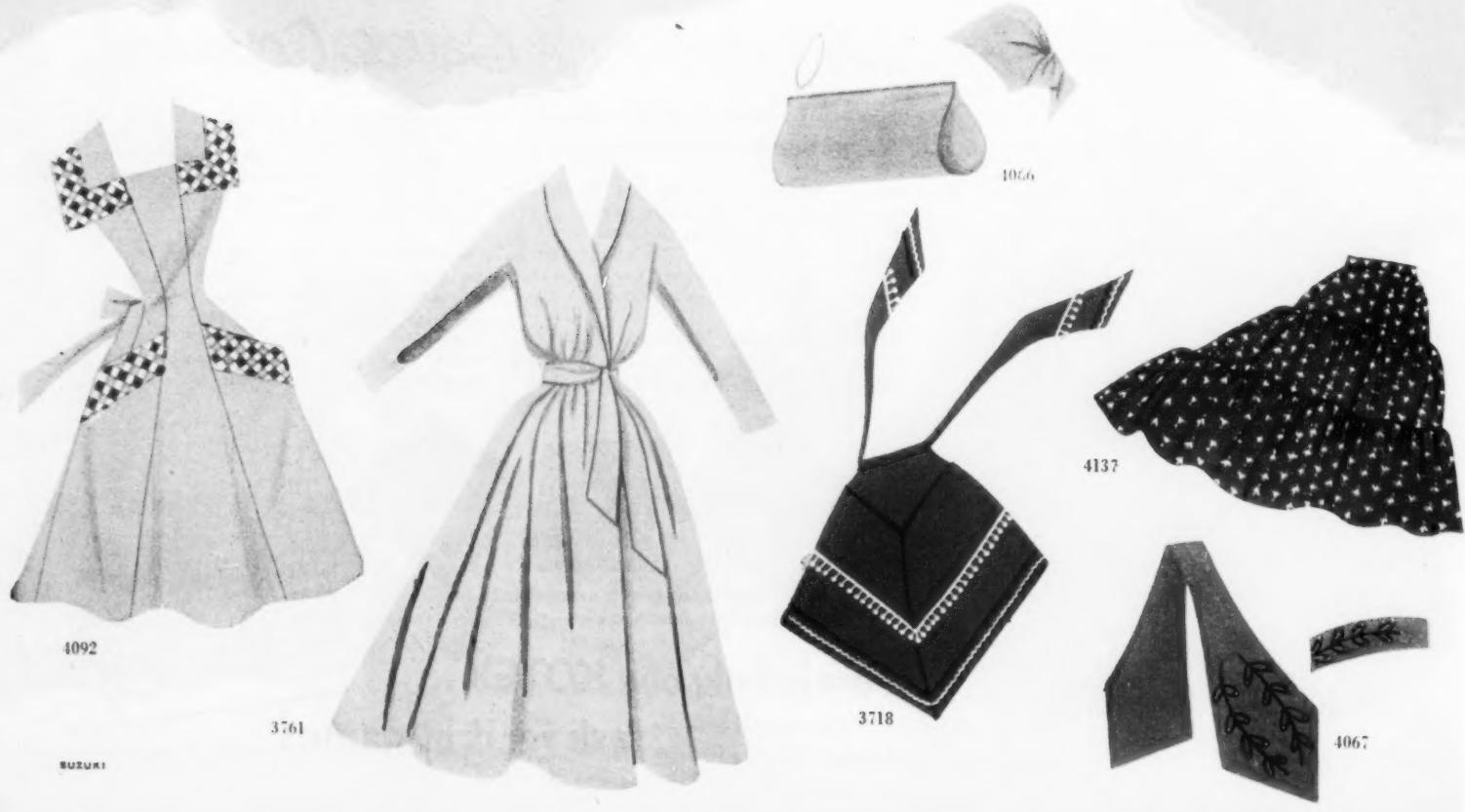
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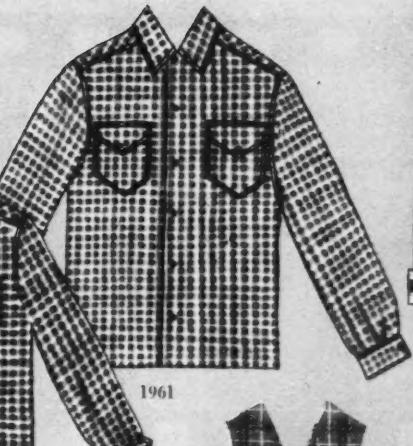
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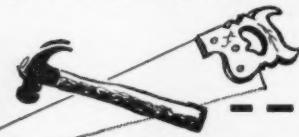
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MAKE-BELIEVE BY MALABAR

Continued from page 24

quarters on Winnipeg's Main Street next door to a woman named Mrs. Almacher, who ran a small costume store. One day Sarah went to a fortune teller who told her somewhat perplexedly that she could see her working in an odd business with a lot of clothes. Sarah's mind immediately flashed to Mrs. Almacher's and she determined to buy that business. She borrowed a hundred dollars from each of three friends and took over the store. Then she talked a group from her church, the Congregational Church, into putting on a play and she made and rented the costumes for it. The play was called *The Chimes of Normandy* and was the first in a long series of plays, operettas and operas for which Malabar's has supplied costumes for the last fifty years.

Vancouver's celebrated Theatre Under the Stars has been glowing in the night summer air for twelve years in Malabar costumes and the Halifax Bi-Centennial was celebrated in 1950, "costumes by Malabar's." The Winnipeg Ballet, the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand show and the Royal Conservatory of Music's annual Spring Opera Festival are costumed by Malabar's and so is the Toronto Skating Club's annual carnival. The three annual productions of grand opera put on outdoors at the Chalet on Mount Royal by the Montreal Opera Festival owe their eye-filling trappings to Malabar's and there are few of the company's one hundred and forty-eight employees in the three cities who can't name the complete costuming of the lowliest super in Carmen, Rigoletto, Aida, Faust, Romeo and Juliet, the Magic Flute or any other opera reasonably popular in Canada.

But Malabar's doesn't cater solely to big-scale productions. Sarah Malabar soon saw the possibilities of branching from church to school theatricals, and rare is the high school in this country that hasn't called upon Malabar's when the inevitable Gilbert and Sullivan operetta curtain goes up. Malabar's has shipped the trappings of light opera to each of Canada's ten provinces and to Bermuda and Jamaica, too.

There'd certainly be no Santa Claus parade in Toronto were it not for Malabar's, or at least it could never contain the color and glamour of the spectacle it is. Seven hundred and twenty-seven Santa Clauses appear on a single day at Christmas parties, courtesy of Malabar's three stores, and each costume is cleaned and pressed and ready for another appearance shortly after it's returned. Because of Sarah's insistence on cleanliness Malabar's has long had its own laundering equipment to facilitate the journey of the ubiquitous Mr. Claus through the hectic two weeks leading up to Christmas.

Cleanliness has always been a fetish. One Christmas during the heavy run on Santa Claus costumes, a new clerk rented a costume as soon as it had been returned. Although she knew it was the last Santa Claus outfit in the store, Sarah stopped the customer as he started toward the door with his package and asked to check the suit. When she found it rumpled she refused to let the cus-

tomer take it, although he protested it looked fine to him. Instead she took it downstairs to the company's laundry. Then she went back to the girl who had rented it and told her to leave.

There is nothing in the costume business that Malabar's won't do, a policy stemming from the company's earliest days when Sarah lost a customer in Winnipeg because she was too tired to make a costume. She realized then that the only way to keep people returning was always to provide them with what they wanted. Today Malabar's will rent a single pair of shoes for some dandified Henry VIII or costume an entire production. It will rent the shoes for four dollars or it will charge fourteen thousand five hundred dollars for a production, as it did several years ago when a church in Sherbrooke, Que., requested sixty priests' robes for a pageant. These were created of velvet and rich brocades and were used for three days in the pageant. They were returned to Malabar's and stored until two years ago when a church at Amos, Que., rented them for another pageant. This time the price was only fifteen hundred dollars since Malabar's had got its money back for the materials and long hours of workmanship in the first transaction.

No Call For Mae West

Although stock is stored over varying periods it does not have a long life, usually because of changing fashions or, in the case of period costumes, deterioration. Sarah Malabar established the policy early of throwing out or burning costumes that had begun to wear. "There's no room for that kind of junk," she'd say, indicating a long row of outdated Mac West or Gay Nineties costumes. Although Sarah designed costumes early in the business she soon learned it was impossible to press a line on the public. Customers knew what they wanted and it was Sarah's job to provide it. She found, as her sons and daughter know today, that fashions follow public whims. For instance, there has been a run on Scottish costumes since the musical *Brigadoon* became a success on Broadway. Numerous church and school groups switched from, say, *Diamond Lil* to *Brigadoon* as the accent shifted from Mae West. The Toronto store has noted a new fad for single-breasted tuxedos in its men's rental department since Hellywood singer Tony Martin appeared in one last summer when he starred at the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand show. Malabar's is thus faced with the prospect of discarding more than a hundred double-breasted jackets unless somebody comes along with one on television or some other medium that will induce the public to switch back.

Sarah Malabar's principle of always providing the customer with what he wants has had unusual ramifications. Not long ago a customer in the Montreal store admired herself in a mirror hanging near the enquiry desk for the use of the staff and asked suddenly if she could rent it. No one could think of any reason why she couldn't.

Harry Malabar, Sarah's youngest son who is president of the Toronto store, feels that a large and heterogeneous stock is the most vital asset in the costume business. "Mother sewed constantly, often sitting up all night to complete a costume in the early days,

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
OH, HAPPY SADIE HAWKINS DAY!!

AH KETCHED ME A FINE, JUICY HUSBIN, AT LAST!!

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? BUT AH ALREADY IS YORE HUSBIN!! WHY WEAR ME OUT, CHASIN' ME AGIN?



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DAISY MAE!! - LI'L ABNER BIN NABBED BY YORE NO-GOOD CUZZIN, MAISY GAE - WHO LOOKS EXACKLY LIKE YO'!!

AH GOTTA RES-KEW HIM, FAST!! FORTCH-NUTLY, THIS NOURISHIN' QUICK "CREAM OF WHEAT" BOILS IN JEST 5 MINUTES!!

THIS IS CONFOOZIN'!! HERE COMES ANOTHER DAISY MAE, WIF SOME DEE-LISHUS "CREAM OF WHEAT"!! YUM-M!!

WHILE YO' IS DECIDIN' WHO OWNS ME, AH'LL RESTORE MAH STRENTH, WIF ALL THESE VITY-MINS, MINNY-RULS*AN' FOOD-ENERGY!!

AH DON'T MIND BEIN' LOCKED UP, LONG AS TH' REAL DAISY MAE IS FEEDIN' ME REAL "CREAM OF WHEAT"!!

*FOR DIETS DEFICIENT IN THESE ELEMENTS

CREAM OF WHEAT®
MADE IN CANADA
from the best Canadian wheat

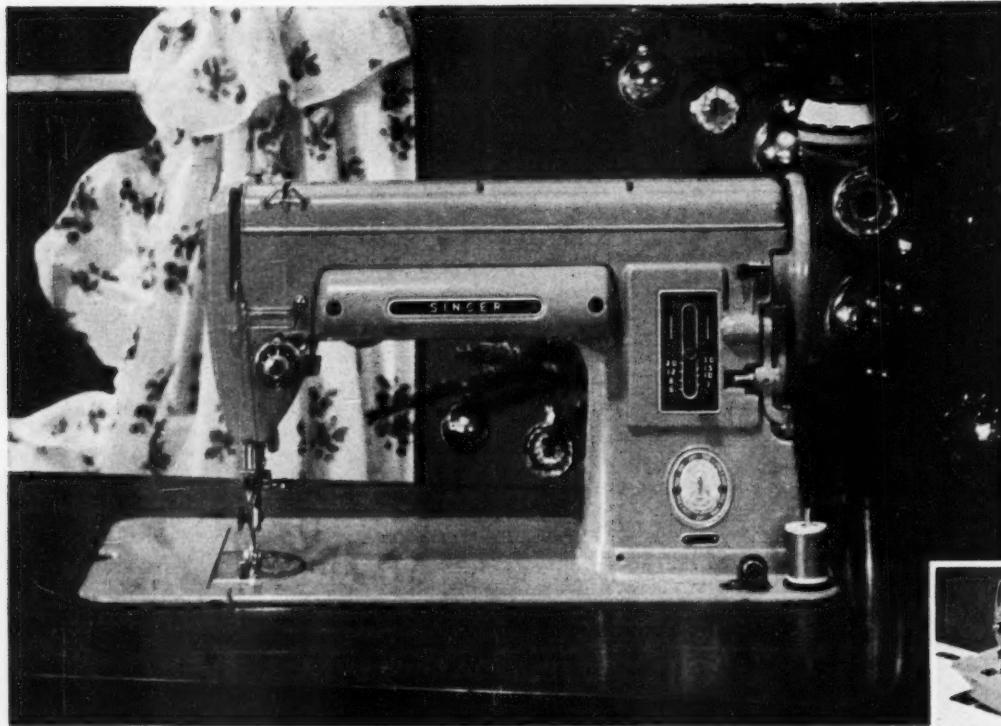


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Hint for...

The Amazing New Slant-needle SINGER



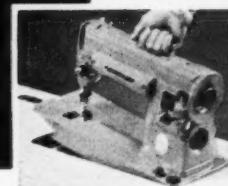
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The first home sewing machine with a needle that slants toward you instead of being straight up and down. Makes it easier to see where you're going; easier to "feed" all types of fabric.

First machine that's a cabinet and portable all in one. A machine that has both knee and foot control—instant starting—new-type speed regulator that makes it easier to sew slower than on any other machine.

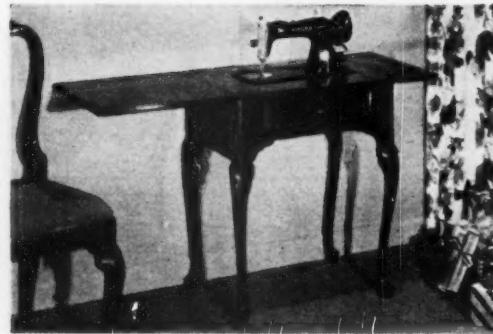
It's the exclusive, patented new slant-needle SINGER* Sewing Machine! Designed for eye-ease—in lovely soft beige or traditional black.

See it now at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. Get a new slant on sewing—a wonderful slant on what to give (or to ask for) this Christmas!

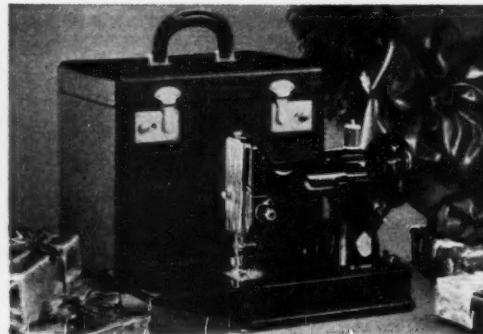


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For the finest machines — to suit your particular needs . . .
you couldn't ask for anything better than these famous SINGER leaders



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Modern, streamlined Desk Model in a choice of beautiful finishes. Roomy drawers for sewing requirements and correspondence accessories. Available with the familiar straight-needle or new slant-needle machine.

For little gifts that get BIG thanks . . . shop at your



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Bright sewing baskets, boxes and buckets — fitted or unfitted — in split willow, chintz, or plastic. Sewing kits. Clever skirt markers, and pincushions. Really-good scissors sets and pinking shears. SINGER has gifts galore to please your friends, ease your shopping.



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THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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and now, since this is a family business, we can lean on one another's stock if one of our stores is out of something," he related recently. "If we tried to buy the costumes we have on our racks we couldn't get them for two hundred thousand dollars but if we tried to sell them we'd be lucky to get a thousand for the lot. They're useless to anybody except a costumer."

In that sense, he feels, a costumer's stock is like a surgeon's instruments. "It's your ability to use them that counts." Unlike most businesses, costume rentals can rarely be started on a small scale.

And people ask for the strangest things. One woman went into the Winnipeg store and asked for a hat that contained a bird cage that contained a canary that sang. She got it when Jim Malabar, now president of the Winnipeg store, was able to track down a singing bird at an ornithologist's. In Montreal a woman wanted a four-poster bed which daughter Tanyss, then Montreal branch president, found in an antique shop. A well-groomed woman entered the Toronto store with one of the most unusual requests. "I'm going to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras," she said. "I want to wear a costume of someone who has gone to hell." That stopped Malabar's only temporarily. "We did her up as Lucretia Borgia," Harry recalled. "We figured that was safe enough."

Sometimes a certain ingenuity is required. A man in Montreal wanted to go to a masquerade as a ballet dancer; a ballerina, that is. But all the female wigs were out on rental so Tanyss talked him into appearing as Carmen Miranda, banana hat and all. "He was a sensation," she remembers. "He won first prize for men."

Louis Was Worth \$100

Other times the customer is quite as ingenious. Malabar's occasionally balks at renting expensive women's costumes to men because so much work is involved in alterations that it's not worth the time and effort. In Toronto a man wanted to rent a flashing gown of black velvet covered with sequins and would settle for no other. The stock excuse in such cases is that the costume is currently rented. This time, however, the customer was sure it wasn't. He sent a girl into the store to ask for it after he'd been refused politely and the moment the gown was produced he popped back into the store for it.

"We had to add five inches to the waist," recalled Mrs. Laura Roe, who has been in charge of the women's section at Malabar's in Toronto for twenty-five years. "It took us a day to sew sequins on the new piece of velvet. I guess it was worth it, though; he told us later he'd appeared at three stag parties that week end and had earned three hundred dollars impersonating the Merry Widow."

That costume was rented for twenty-five dollars for the week end but Malabar's occasionally collects more. One time Harry Malabar read of an expensive coming-out party in Quebec City and noted that it would be held in period costume. He remarked to the late Roly Young, movie and theatre critic for the Toronto Globe and Mail, that Roly could make some money for both of them if he were to go to Quebec City and rent Louis Quinze costumes.

Young, on vacation at the time, decided to go and after three or four days he wired Harry Malabar so many seventy-five and hundred-dollar orders that he'd soon piled up five thousand dollars' worth of rentals.

"I was convinced he was drunk," Malabar related recently, "but I'd grossly underestimated him. He'd gone to the Chateau Frontenac, somehow obtained an invitation list and had phoned the guests personally. I'd neglected to tell him that we seldom charged more than twenty-five dollars for a costume so he'd simply assumed that anything as elegant as a Louis Quinze should be worth at least seventy-five dollars and some of them a hundred. Apparently the guests felt the same."

Some rentals have unforeseen repercussions. A man rented an RCMP uniform for a masquerade and a few days later an RCMP officer stepped into the Toronto store to enquire about it. It turned out the customer hadn't gone to a masquerade at all but instead had gone to Elizabeth Street in Toronto's Chinese district and demanded that several storekeepers turn over their cash "for protection." One Chinese ran out the back door and located a police constable and together they caught up with the pseudo redcoat. The RCMP officer informed Malabar's that in future no mounted-police uniforms could be rented without special RCMP permission. This is usually granted for plays like *Rose Marie* but never for masquerades.

Wiry, small and energetic Sarah Scott had no thought of the unusual career that lay before her when she met John Malabar in the George Craig department store on Main Street in Winnipeg in 1898. She was a clerk in the retail dry-goods section when she met this man who had emigrated from England in 1890. He'd joined the Royal North West Mounted Police, then left it after five years and taken a job in the George Craig store. There he met and married Sarah and they moved a hundred and fifty miles west to Brandon, where they opened a small dry-goods store.

But John Malabar developed tuberculosis and the couple moved with two small children, Jim and Tanyss, to Mexico City where Malabar opened a retail bicycle shop. Sons Jack and Harry were born in Mexico before their father died there in 1902 and Sarah returned to her family in Winnipeg with her children. She had a little money and invested it in a beauty parlor but that failed within a year so she tried dress-making until a fortune teller's confused description of "an odd business with a lot of clothes" inspired her to buy out Mrs. Almacher's small costume store next door. Sarah has no recollection of being the sort of little girl who liked to dress up in her mother's clothes. "I suppose I used to wear her shoes, like all little girls do," she remarked recently, "but I don't recall any long periods of day-dreaming and make-believe."

Business was slow until the first world war and Sarah was often hard put to keep the store going. One time she needed twenty dollars desperately. She went to Eaton's and cashed a cheque for that amount, although her bank balance was below it. She paid off whatever forgotten bill was pressing her and then the next day went to the Hudson's Bay Company and cashed another cheque for twenty dollars. This

Over 30 . . .

is the beginning of beauty

with Elizabeth Arden "essentials"

No one knows so well as Elizabeth Arden . . .

how to smooth away the haunting signs of age. Elizabeth Arden "essentials" (brilliant formulas for mature skins, that are like no others in the world) will show you swiftly, surely . . . that thirty is the beginning of beauty!



Basic Ritual for Over-30 Skin

Cleanse . . . Ardena Cleansing Cream for dry or normal skin, 1.50 to 8.00

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Refresh . . . with Ardena Skin Lotion, 1.35 to 12.50 or Ardena Special Astringent, 3.00 and 5.25

Smooth . . . firm and lift with Fimo-Lift Treatment Lotion, 3.25 and 6.00 and Special Salon Treatment Oil, 4.00 and 11.00

Follow with vitaminized Ardena Perfection Cream, 4.40 to 13.75 or Special Hormone Cream, 4.50 and 8.50

For slight skin irritations or chapping . . . use Eight-Hour Cream, 1.65 and 2.75

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Do you use a cream make-up?

Smart girl—especially if

your skin is a little dry or sensitive. But does your cream make-up cover every flaw, every freckle, every trace of fatigue —without turning your face into a mask? Does it stroke on in seconds—without dribbling down your fingers or leaving "goo" under your nails? Does it last all day without getting gummy or shiny? Does it protect your skin from sun and wind? Does it make your skin feel even better after you've put it on? There's one make-up base that does all this. It's

Pan-Stik, the creamy stick make-up by Max Factor. You just



dot the stick on lightly

then smooth it out



with your fingertips. Pan-Stik is so light you can't tell it's on . . . your skin feels supple and refreshed—and you look lovelier, fresher than you've ever looked before. Make up with your shade of Max Factor's creamy Pan-Stik tomorrow.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

twenty went into the bank to cover the Eaton's cheque. Meanwhile she worked most of two nights completing costumes and when they were shipped out she took the money for them to the bank to cover the HBC cheque. This method of high finance was used more than once, son Harry recalled recently.

The children would help her deliver the costumes, piling them high on sleighs and toboggans. Yet, for all her hard work, Sarah rarely put the business ahead of her family. During the summer, when rentals were slow, she'd close the store for four and five weeks at a time and take the family to Winnipeg Beach.

"Mother was always psychic," Tanyss recalled. "For no reason at all she'd say, 'Don't take that order,' or, 'I don't like that man,' or make some other observation and it always seemed to work out."

Soon after she opened the business Sarah was confronted by a man who wanted to produce a play he could barely finance. He wanted her to supply costumes on credit. She studied him for a moment with her deep blue eyes and then quickly consented. It took her almost a week of designing and sewing to make the costumes and she delivered them without knowing if she'd get a penny. But the play turned out to be a success and the grateful producer gave Sarah twenty-five dollars more than she asked.

Sarah was always a flamboyant dresser, preferring the color red, and often when the business was young she'd try on frilly costumes and admire herself in the floor-length mirrors. "It seemed to give me a lift to imagine I was someone else sometimes," she said recently as she lay in the sickbed to which she has been confined for several months. "I think maybe that's the basis of this business, helping people to escape from reality for a little while."

The Malabar children used to have wonderful times in the storerooms, dressing up in all sorts of fantastic costumes and playing games. "It was kind of eerie sometimes, though," Tanyss remembers. "You'd go in there at night and see all strange shapes and weird outlines. I know I used to absolutely run every time I had to go through there at night. And we once had a dog we called Bingo who went literally crazy barking at those papier-mâché heads."

It was Sarah who felt a move to Toronto would prove propitious, believing that the West's possibilities for expansion in the costume business were limited. She left Jim in charge of the Winnipeg store with Tanyss and moved with Harry to a small store on Toronto's Spadina Avenue in 1923. With one employee, Mabel Paul, who has been with the company for thirty years, Sarah started the business there in much the same methodical, dedicated way she had done in Winnipeg. And by the same process of giving the customer any costume he wanted, even when it meant working all night to produce it, she slowly became established in Toronto. Sometimes she made up her own designs, most times she culled ideas from magazines and newspapers, clipping them out and filing them, then having them on hand if a request was received.

"We moved from Spadina because we couldn't get along with the landlord," Harry recalled recently. "The place was hardly ever heated properly. One morn-



I t's a special occasion
and your hair must stay
right...and it does.

Tidy-Locks
HAIR NETS

Extra-fine 15 denier nylon makes our new "French Style" net the most invisible hair net yet achieved.

If you're dyeing to save —

Save MORE with ALL-FABRIC TINTEX

The advertisement features a woman with dark hair, smiling and looking towards the camera. She is holding a bottle of Tintex dye and a brush. The background is plain, focusing on the product and the woman's action.

Save more than ever on all your dyeing with the new economy size package of All-fabric Tintex. You get 2 1/8 ounces for only 25¢—the best dye value in Canada!

Choose from 34 fashionable shades at drug, department and variety stores. Also, COLOR REMOVER and WHITEX—the wonder bleuing.

All-fabric TINTEX **15¢ size**
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TINTS AND DYES **25¢ size**

ing we came in and the place was warm but it was half-filled with foul fumes from some cheap soft coal. Mother threw a bucket of water on the furnace and then had a violent argument with the landlord which ended with us walking out of the place."

Determined to have a place of her own, Sarah located a three-story building on King Street not far from Spadina.

"Those were the dirty thirties," Harry recalled, "when you could get a place for no down payment and not much a month."

Sarah renovated it and brought Tanyss from Winnipeg to help her and Harry run it. (James Malabar, ably assisted by his sons Ross and Douglas, and his wife, Emily, now runs the Winnipeg store.) In spite of the depression Sarah established herself so well in seven years in Toronto and built up so formidable a stock that the Malabar name became the synonym for costume rentals it is today. There always seemed to be church or school groups producing operettas; every year there were the inevitable Santa Clauses, depression or not; and Hallowe'en never failed to produce an overwhelming demand. So rather than sit tight through the hard years Sarah went to Montreal with Tanyss to open the third branch of Malabar's. Now housed in a five-story building on Notre Dame Street in Montreal's downtown financial district, this branch specializes in grand opera costumes, shipping them to customers across Canada.

Skeletons Plain or Fluorescent

Malabar's actually has four locations, an addition having been made early this year near the Toronto store. The addition, referred to by the staff simply as the fabric shop, has been stocked especially for television and is occupied by Stuart MacKay, a designer hired last fall after twelve years with Theatre Under the Stars in Vancouver. MacKay works directly with producers of TV programs such as the Leslie Bell Singers and the Big Revue, two of CBLT's more lavish weekly productions. MacKay designed, and Malabar's new fabric division created, the most lavish gowns Canadian television has yet offered—the slender, towering costumes for the Big Revue's Ziegfeld Girl production number. "He came up with designs Flo Ziegfeld never dreamed of," Liz Chitty, CBLT's wardrobe mistress, remarked reverently. The costumes were rented for one night, then returned to Malabar's. Rental was five hundred dollars, one of TV's more costly costume investments.

In spite of occasional difficulties, Malabar's is "indispensable," according to CBC television's head man, program director Stuart Griffiths. Although CBLT has its own wardrobe department, Malabar's still is called upon to provide half the costumes.

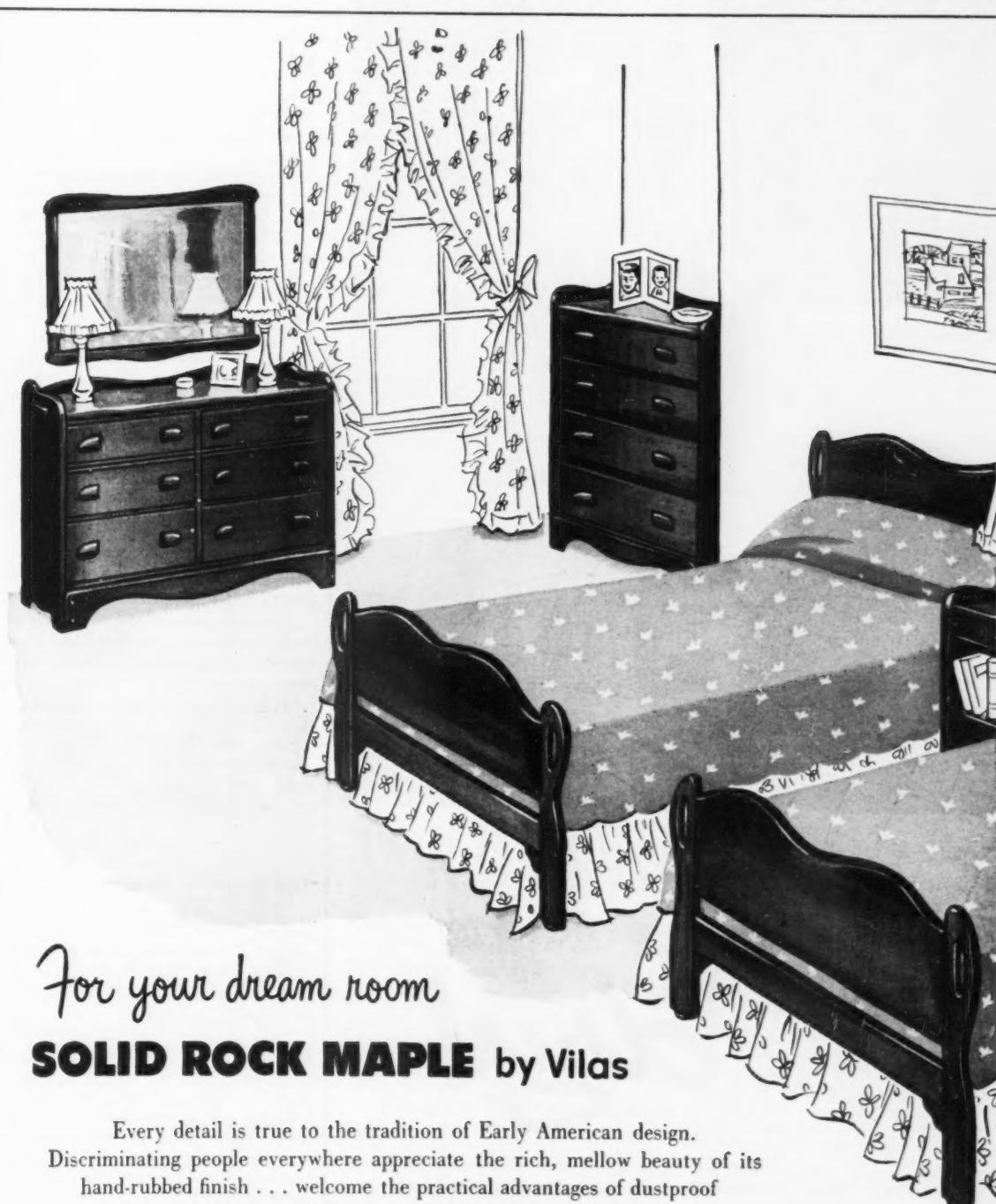
Malabar's main store in Toronto is a chaotic hodge-podge to the casual visitor, a long, narrow, high-ceilinged room stretching back from the shallow enquiry desk at the front. Multicolored costumes are bunched like pillows along high racks on the ground floor and above them on both sides are ledges piled to the ceiling with brown cardboard boxes. The contents are identified in scrawling, frequently misspelled words like "Hats Russian," "Hats Gen. Darme" (for French police caps), "Hats French

Military Modern" and "Black Fur Chakos." There are at least twenty boxes marked "Raleigh," presumably Sir Walter, with such supplementary identification as "green tapestry" or "figured corded." Papier-mâché Disney characters, life-size, are propped against walls and there are any number of Indian suits, cowboy suits, trappers' suits and policemen's suits. Two high boxes distinguish skeleton costumes thus: "Skeletons Plain" and "Skeletons Fluorescent."

Row upon row of men's formal wear occupy another high room on the main floor and off the central room are three workrooms in wild disarray where twenty people work constantly over sewing machines, basting machines and embroidery machines in a welter of scraps of linen, ribbon and cotton. The laundry and pressing machines are in the basement and so is another long narrow storage vault. Malabar's has at least thirty thousand costumes in this one store but people are still constantly

coming in to ask for "something different" or "something original," the two most-used phrases in the business.

The men's department is headed by tall, greying, bespectacled and dignified Sir Richard Moon, an Englishman who inherited his title from a cousin who inherited it from his great-grandfather in 1887. The latter was chairman of the board of the London Northwestern Railway and had his title bestowed by Queen Victoria. Lean Richard Moon acquired the hereditary



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Now—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor. You're really protected with Fresh!

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to

180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants... and it's the astringent action that keeps your underarms dry. Try this creamy-soft new Fresh today.



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title (which he never uses) in 1951, exactly thirty years after he moved to Canada and worked as a rancher, cowhand, hired hand, banker and, in 1930, as a costumer. He has worked for Malabar's since 1940. Five years ago he opened a small company of his own in Toronto and ran it for two years before returning to Malabar's.

"Either you acquire stock gradually over the years or you need tremendous capital right at the start if you are to succeed in this business," he says.

The women's department is on the second floor where Laura Roe is in charge. Most of Malabar's three thousand wigs are stored here and so are the Santa Claus costumes. A woman starts working on them in July—marcelling, dressing, cleaning the wigs and beards, and repairing, laundering and pressing the red suits. Also on this floor is a small anteroom where Harry and Tanyss Malabar, designer Stuart MacKay, Laura Roe and Richard Moon occasionally repair for a cup of tea. They are sometimes joined by another member of the Malabar clan, June Farquharson, Harry's married daughter who is her father's secretary and liaison agent between customers and store.

Over tea they discuss what they generally call "this crazy business." There've been numerous opportunities to reflect on the human race as seen through the eyes of a costumer.

"Regardless of how large they really are, women are always size fourteen," Tanyss related one afternoon. "Oh, they'll occasionally admit to sixteen but that's the limit. We've had women come in here who couldn't get into a size forty-four with a shoe-horn but they still give their size as fourteen."

Malabar's always does the diplomatic thing; the size forty-four costume is called a fourteen if the customer enquires.

"When men are impersonating women they always want to be glamorous," supplied Mrs. Roe. "They want to be the Merry Widow or Tallulah Bankhead. They pretend they've been forced into looking for a costume and now that they're here anything will do. But you should see how fussy they become once we start suggesting costumes for them. They're quite as vain as women."

"Women always minimize their size and men exaggerate it," Richard Moon related. "A fat man with a fifty-inch waist will laugh loudly that we'd better get the biggest costume in the store if we're going to fit him."

"People are basically honest," Harry Malabar noted. "We never ask for a down payment and we rarely have anything stolen. I remember mother telling us that we actually received seven dollars from a woman who, on her death bed, had told a relative she'd rented a wig from us thirty years before and had never returned it."

The Malabars, whose name is so frequently spelled with a double "l" by customers that the company lists it under both spellings in telephone directories, invariably get back to their mother in any discussion, for the spirit that built Malabar's still dominates it. And though Sarah Malabar lies ill at eighty-two, her sight almost gone and most of her thoughts now in the past, she often half rises in her bed and calls to one of the family, "I shouldn't be lying here; I should be up. What's going on at the store?" *



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CAKES AND COOKIES

Continued from page 28

QUICK ORANGE BREAD

Orange Syrup

2 large oranges	1/2 cup sugar
1 cup cold water	1/2 cup cold water
• • •	
2 cups sifted bread flour	2 eggs, well beaten
3 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup unstrained orange juice
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup unstrained lemon juice
1/2 cup granulated sugar	3 tablespoons melted butter or shortening

To make Orange Syrup:

Using a coarse grater, grate orange rind. Cover rind with the one cup of cold water, bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes. Drain and add sugar and the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Simmer gently stirring occasionally until mixture is syrupy and rind is semi-transparent. Cool. There should be approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ cup syrup and rind. (Extract juice from grated oranges and measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unstrained for use in dough mixture.)

To make bread:

Grease loaf tin (8 x 5 x 3 inches) thoroughly. Measure sifted flour into sifter, add baking powder and salt and sift together into mixing bowl. Add sugar and mix well.

Add orange and lemon juice to beaten eggs and mix well. Add melted butter or shortening and orange syrup. Beat well. Combine liquids with dry ingredients, stirring just enough to blend. Pour into pan and let stand 20 minutes. Preheat the oven to 350 deg. F. Bake loaf 55 to 60 minutes in centre of oven on middle rack. Turn out on wire rack and cool several hours before slicing.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BASIC WHITE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening	2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar	
2 eggs	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted cake flour	3/4 cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

Grease sides and bottom of cake pan (8 x 8 x 2 inches). Cream shortening until very soft; add sugar gradually, creaming until well blended. Add egg; beat vigorously until light and fluffy. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture alternately with milk to which vanilla has been added. Begin and end with dry ingredients mixing lightly after each addition. Pour into pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 25 to 40 minutes.

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BASIC BUTTER ICING

1/4 cup butter	1 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla	few grains salt

Cream butter, add salt and vanilla. Beating constantly, add the sifted sugar slowly, alternately with cream until the mixture is creamy and stiff enough to spread.

Chocolate Icing: add 2 squares unsweetened melted chocolate to above recipe. *Petits Fours Icing:* using above recipe, reduce butter to 2 tablespoons and add more cream until icing can be poured. Place cakes on a wire rack and pour the icing over them. Allow icing to harden (pop in the freezer if you like)

and then add another coating of icing for a smoother appearance. Decorate with small candies or cherries.

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BASIC REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1/2 cup butter	1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 cup soft shortening	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 1/4 cups sifted pastry flour	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon baking powder	1/2 cup brown sugar
	1/2 cup granulated sugar
	2 eggs, well beaten

Measure butter and shortening into mixing bowl. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Cream butter and shortening until fluffy. Add flavorings. Gradually add sugars, mixing until creamy. Add beaten eggs. Beat well. Add dry ingredients, combining thoroughly. Chill dough $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Shape into rolls. Chill 8 hours (dough can be frozen at this stage).

Slice chilled dough into $\frac{1}{8}$ inch slices and arrange on ungreased cookie sheet, leaving space to allow for spreading. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove immediately from pan to cookie rack. When cool, package carefully and freeze.

3-in-one variety:

1. Add chopped ginger and 1 teaspoon ginger syrup to batter.
2. Add chopped cherries and peel to batter.
3. Decorate cookies before baking with cutouts of peel and pineapple.

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PETITS FOURS BATTER

4 eggs	1 cup pastry flour
1 cup sugar	1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons cold water	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch	flavoring—1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg yolks. Gradually beat in sugar. Add cold water. Sift the cornstarch with flour, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture. Blend and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, and vanilla. Bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.). When cool cut in desired shapes, ice and decorate. Place each in a paper cup. Wrap and freeze.

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JAM SQUARES

1/2 cup shortening	1 3/4 cups sifted pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon almond extract	1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract	1/2 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons sugar	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons honey or corn syrup	5 tablespoons milk
1 egg, beaten	3/4 cup raspberry jam

Grease a 7 x 12 or 9 x 9 inch cake pan. Cream shortening and extracts. Gradually add sugar, then honey or corn syrup. Add beaten egg and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add to first mixture alternating with the milk. Spread half the batter in bottom of prepared pan. Spread jam over batter. Drop remaining batter over jam in spoonfuls, then lightly spread over to cover jam. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. When cool cut in squares or bars. Makes $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. +

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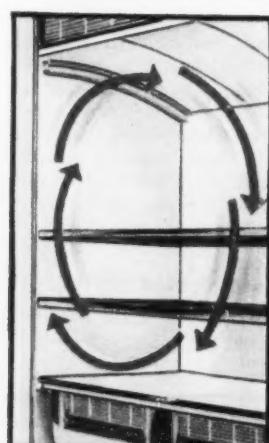
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Chatelaine Meals of the Month

November

BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		DINNER		BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		DINNER	
SUN 1	Frozen Orange Juice Scrambled Eggs and Bacon Toast Marmalade	Carrot and Celery Salad Crumbled Cheese Dressing Hot Bran Muffins Corn Syrup	Apple Juice Stuffed Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Wedges Stewed Tomatoes Pumpkin Pie	FRI 20	Orange Sections Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Jam	Macaroni with Cheese and Tomato Preserved Peaches Cookies	Pan-fried Fish Fillets Hot Onion and Vinegar Sauce Carrot Coins French Green Beans Applesauce with Caramel Squares				
MON 2	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Strawberry Preserves	Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwich Dates with cheese in lettuce cups Applesauce Pudding	Fried Sliced Wieners Rice and Onion Casserole Green Beans Oatmeal Cookies Canned Peaches	SAT 21	Winter Pears Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Rolls	Grilled Canned Luncheon Meat Grilled Tomatoes Waldorf Salad Chelsea Buns	Steak and Kidney Pie Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce Preserved Rhubarb				
TUE 3	Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Porridge Toast Jelly	Grapefruit and Tuna Fish Salad Boiled Mayonnaise Poppy Seed Rolls Cherry Turnovers	Braised Round Steak Browned Potatoes Turnip Cups with Frozen Peas Apple Betty with Cheese	SUN 22	Grapefruit Halves Waffles with Butter Grilled Sausage Applesauce	Hot Stuffed Eggs Diced Apple and Celery Salad Caramel Tapioca	Chicken Fricassee Curried Rice Green Beans Corn Niblets Prunapple Pie				
WED 4	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Coddled Egg Toast Jam	Cold Cuts Potato Salad Cinnamon Buns	Liver Patties Onion Sauce Boiled Potatoes Spinach Lattice Plum Pie	MON 23	Frozen Orange Juice Prepared Cereal Toasted Chelsea Bun	Chicken Soup Cheese, Celery and Date Salad Boston Cream Pie	Sausage with Sweet Potato Casserole Buttered Spinach Oatmeal Cookies Stewed Figs with Cream				
THU 5	Orange Sections Whole-grain Cereal Pea Meal Bacon Toast	Creamed Eggs with Mushrooms on Toast Lettuce Hearts French Dressing Butterscotch Pudding	Broiled Spareribs Barbecue Sauce Fried Potatoes Carrots, whole Raisin Rice Pudding	TUE 24	Apple Juice Fried Eggs with Bacon Toast Marmalade	Cream of Corn Soup Fruit Salad Plate Bread Sticks Muffins	Broiled Sirloin Steak Boiled Potatoes Lettuce and Onion Salad Vinegar Dressing Baked Chocolate Custard				
FRI 6	Apple Juice Raisin Cereal Toast Conserve	Celery, Potato and Onion Soup Crackers Nippy Old Cheese Lemon Snow Sugar Cookies	Baked Whitefish Rice and Green Pepper Stuffing Tomato Wedges Baked Beets Chocolate Spice Cake	WED 25	Stewed Prunes Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Broiled Bacon and Pineapple Beet and String Bean Salad Lemon Rennet Dessert Peanut Butter Cookies	Hot Vegetable Plate (carrots, beans, cabbage, spinach) Cheese Potatoes Maple Parfait and Peaches				
SAT 7	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Cabbage-Cranberry Salad Toasted Rye Bread Herb Butter Custard Chocolate Spice Cake	Old-fashioned Baked Beans Side Pork Toasted French Bread Chili Sauce Apple Crisp	THU 26	Whole Oranges Prepared Bran Cereal Toasted Raisin Buns	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Cole Slaw Fruit and Nut Bread †	Barbecued Beef Liver Shoestring Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Graham Cracker and Pineapple Chiffon Pie				
SUN 8	Blended Vegetable Juices Waffles Maple Syrup Raspberry Jam	Pork (leftover) and Noodle Casserole Pineapple Rings Chocolate Cookies	Tomato Juice Roast Beef Stuffed Potatoes Green Beans and Carrots Cottage Pudding	FRI 27	Grape Juice Cheese Scrambled Eggs Toast Jelly	Bean Soup Cabbage Wedges Celery and Nut Salad Mayonnaise Lime Apple Whip	Fish and Chips Tossed Salad Lemon Pineapple Tarts				
MON 9	Citrus Fruit Cup Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Homemade Vegetable Soup Salmon Soufflé Baked Apples	Minced Beef (leftover) and Tea Biscuit Roll Buttered Spinach Cabbage Salad Grapefruit Halves Cookies	SAT 28	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Preserves Toast	Bouillon Wieners with Buns Mustard Relish Fruit and Nut Bread	Mother's Night Out No Cooking!				
TUE 10	Whole Oranges Prepared Cereal Toasted Raisin Buns	Cheese Fondue with Creamed Celery Cole Slaw Date Pudding	Canned Corn Beef Hash Scalloped Tomatoes Celery stuffed with Cheese Lemon Meringue Pie	SUN 29	Fruit Cup Waffles and Jelly Hot Chocolate	Jellied Fruit Salad Lettuce Cups Celery Sticks Coffee Cake	Roast Pork Gravy Browned Potatoes Turnips Frozen Peas Strawberry Shortcake				
WED 11	Grape Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast	Corn and Bacon Casserole Cheese Celery Sticks Cherry Tarts	Baked Lamb Chops Mint Jello Boiled Potatoes Mashed Potatoes Peas Vanilla Ice Cream	MON 30	Blended Vegetable Juice Prepared Cereal Sliced Bananas Toast Jelly	Spanish Rice Crisp Pickles Stewed Apricots Coffee Cake	Cold Pork Harvard Beets Baked Stuffed Potatoes Raspberry Snow Coconut Date Macaroons				
THU 12	Tomato Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Marmalade	Bouillon Creamed Asparagus on Toast Fruit Gelatine	Pig's Knuckles with Cabbage Potato Balls Carrot Coins Apple Dumplings								
FRI 13	Orange Juice Jelly Omelet Whole-wheat Toast	Tomato Juice Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Cabbage Salad Chocolate Custard	Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Potato Cubes Spinach Cheese Crackers								
SAT 14	Grapefruit Halves Oatmeal Porridge with Raisins Toast Jelly	Oxtail Soup Spinach Salad Cheese Tea Biscuits Apple Snow	Minced Liver, Onion, Tomato with Brown Rice Casserole Whole-wheat Rolls Chocolate Layer Cake Date Filling Seven Minute Icing								
SUN 15	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Juice Broiled Bacon and Cheese on Toast Danish Pastry Jelly	Make-your-own Sandwiches (Salmon Loaf, Peanut Butter, etc.) Chocolate Cake	Broiled Pork Tenderloin Buttered Brussels Sprouts Slivered Carrots Vanilla Wafer Dessert								
MON 16	Apple Juice Bran Cereal Toasted Rolls	Cream of Tomato Soup French Toast Fresh Fruit Cup	Minute Steak French-fried Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Canned Peas Prune Whip								
TUE 17	Blended Vegetable Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Jam	Cottage Cheese with Eggplant Casserole Stewed Tomatoes Pumpkin Custard	Beef Stew with Vegetables (potato, turnip, carrots, celery, beans, tomatoes) Frozen Peaches with Lemon Jelly								
WED 18	Fruit Cup Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast	Cold Tongue Tossed Green Salad Hot Rolls Spiced Pears	Sweet and Sour Spareribs Sauerkraut Quartered Tomatoes Blueberry Batter Pudding								
THU 19	Apples Cornflakes Toasted Bran Date Muffins	Seafood Chowder Crackers Sugar Cookies Preserved Blueberries	Split Veal Cutlets with Cheese Onion and Potato Scallop Spinach and Carrot Salad French Dressing Chocolate Pudding with Raspberries								

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

FRUIT AND NUT BREAD †

- 2 cups sifted bread flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 3/4 cup slivered almonds
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 2 tablespoons grated orange rind
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or shortening

Grease loaf tin (8 x 5 x 3) thoroughly. Measure sifted flour into sifter, add baking powder and salt. Sift together into mixing bowl. Add sugar, almonds, raisins, dates and orange rind. Mix well. Add milk, orange juice, melted butter or shortening to the beaten egg. Add the liquid ingredients to the flour and fruit mixture. Mix until just blended.

Pour into greased pan and allow to stand 20 minutes. Preheat oven to 350 deg. F. Bake for 55 to 60 minutes, in centre of oven on middle rack. Turn out on wire rack and cool several hours before slicing.

Note: This can be frozen and kept in the freezer until needed.

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2 cups raw cranberries 1 apple
1 orange ¾ cup sugar

Sort and wash the cranberries; peel, quarter and remove seeds from orange; peel and core the apple and put all through the food chopper. Add sugar, mix well and freeze.

2 cups flour (bread or all-purpose)
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually and continue creaming until well blended. Add egg and beat until thoroughly mixed. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the soda, baking powder, and salt. Dredge the prepared nuts and fruit with a little of the flour mixture, then add the remaining dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Fold in the floured nuts and fruits and the flavorings and when evenly mixed, turn the batter into a lightly buttered mold. Cover tightly with lid or securely tied waxed paper and place on a rack in a large kettle of boiling water. The water should come halfway up around the mold. Steam in gently boiling water for 1¼ to 1½ hours. When cooked, cool slightly, remove from the mold, chill, return to the mold, wrap securely in freezer wrapping, excluding all air, and freeze.

Scrub evenly-shaped potatoes of desired size and bake until tender at 400 to 425 deg. F. When cool enough to handle, cut a slice from each, scoop out the centres, leaving skins unbroken. Mash potato thoroughly, season to taste and add ½ to 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 to 1½ tablespoons milk for each potato. Beat until smooth and light and refill potato skins with the mixture. Chill, wrap and freeze. If preferred, the beaten potato may be spread in buttered aluminum freezer

**APPLEFORD'S
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HOW TO PREPARE YOUR CHRISTMAS

This Feature Started On Page 26

CHATELAINE'S OLD-FASHIONED HOLIDAY MENU

Tomato Juice with Lemon
Roast Stuffed Turkey
Uncooked Cranberry Relish
Baked Stuffed Potatoes Green Peas with Mushrooms
Crisp Relishes
(green celery, raw carrot strips, raw turnip curls)
Steamed Light Fruit Pudding
Brown Sugar Sauce

TAKE A TURKEY

NOW: (a) Select a frozen bird of required size and transfer it immediately to the home freezer, or (b) select a top quality fresh bird and prepare as for roasting, chill thoroughly, wrap closely in moisture-vapor-proof paper or bag, so that all air is excluded. (For additional protection in (a) or (b) the turkey may be outer-wrapped with stockinet or heavy paper—the kind the butcher uses.) Freeze.

Prepare and wash giblets thoroughly, chill, wrap in separate moisture-proof wrapping and freeze.

LATER: Remove turkey from freezer, unwrap and leave in refrigerator for 24 hours for defrosting or leave at room temperature overnight.

NEXT THE DRESSING

Recent tests show that the most satisfactory dressings are those which are mixed and placed in the turkey just before roasting.

NOW: Crumble bread, allowing 1½ to 1⅓ cups of crumbs for each pound of turkey (drawn weight). Seal in freezer bag and store in freezer until needed.

LATER: Leave crumbs at room temperature for 15 or 20 minutes. Make dressing, stuff and truss bird just before roasting.

UNCOOKED CRANBERRY RELISH

NOW: Prepare your own or the following recipe, seal in air-tight jar or freezer container and freeze.

containers or pie plates, chilled, wrapped and frozen.

LATER: Place potatoes, without thawing, in preheated oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 to 45 minutes for baked stuffed potatoes, 325 deg. F. for approximately 30 minutes for mashed potatoes.

AND PEAS WITH MUSHROOMS

NOW: Select choice mushrooms when the price is right, wash, remove stems, peel and slice caps and sound parts of stems. Sauté lightly in butter or margarine (5 to 7 minutes), cool, pack in freezer container pouring melted fat and juices over the mushrooms. Chill, seal and freeze.

LATER: Place frozen peas in small amount of boiling water and cook 5 to 8 minutes, after water returns to boiling. Place unthawed mushrooms in frying pan and cook gently until heated. Combine drained peas and undrained mushrooms just before serving.

MAKE A LIGHT FRUIT PUDDING

NOW: Make the family favorite or try this recipe:

1/4 cup shortening	1/2 cup blanched almonds (slivered)
1 cup sugar	1 cup mixed fruit (candied cherries and pineapple, cut in small pieces; drained maraschino cherries, quartered)
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring
2 cups flour (bread or all-purpose)	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda	1 cup milk
1 teaspoon baking powder	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Cream the shortening, add sugar gradually and continue creaming until well blended. Add egg and beat until thoroughly mixed. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the soda, baking powder, and salt. Dredge the prepared nuts and fruit with a little of the flour mixture, then add the remaining dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Fold in the floured nuts and fruits and the flavorings and when evenly mixed, turn the batter into a lightly buttered mold. Cover tightly with lid or securely tied waxed paper and place on a rack in a large kettle of boiling water. The water should come halfway up around the mold. Steam in gently boiling water for 1¼ to 1½ hours.

When cooked, cool slightly, remove from the mold, chill, return to the mold, wrap securely in freezer wrapping, excluding all air, and freeze.

LATER: Remove freezer wrapping, cover mold as for initial cooking and steam until heated through. Serve warm with Brown Sugar Sauce.

DINNER FOR FREEZING NOW

OR—ROAST BEEF FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

Cranberry Juice Cocktail
Prime Rib Roast of Beef
Brown Gravy
Pan Browned Potatoes
Horse-radish
Buttered Squash
Savory Green Beans
Hot Mince and Cherry Pie
Assorted Cheese Tray

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups fresh cranberries 4 cups water
2/3 cup sugar

NOW: Sort and wash cranberries and cook with water until skins pop. Strain through cheesecloth, reheat, add sugar and boil for 2 minutes. Chill and pour into freezer containers to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of top. Seal and freeze.

LATER: Serve juice as soon as thawed, plain or combined with orange or pineapple juice or with ginger ale.

THE ROAST BEEF

NOW: Select a top quality roast of desired size. Have excess bone and fat removed, chill, wrap in moisture-vapor-proof wrapping and freeze as quickly as possible.

LATER: The roast may go directly from freezer to oven, preheated to 300 deg. F. For best results use a meat thermometer, inserting it after the meat has thawed. Allow from 50 to 55 minutes per pound for a 5- to 8-pound roast, medium well done. To shorten cooking time, allow roast to thaw for 24 hours in the refrigerator. Insert meat thermometer and roast at 300 to 325 deg. F. until cooked to your taste. Or allow, for a 5- to 8-pound roast done to medium stage, 30 to 35 minutes per pound.

SERVE SQUASH

NOW: Wash and cut Hubbard squash in pieces. Remove seeds and cook by any preferred method. Remove pulp from rind and mash or press through a sieve. Cool as quickly as possible, pack into freezer container, leaving about

$\frac{1}{2}$ -inch space at top. Seal and freeze.

LATER: Heat squash in double boiler, add seasonings to taste and 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine to each cup of squash. A little brown sugar and a sprinkle of ginger may be added.

AND SAVORY GREEN BEANS

NOW: If the freezer does not hold home-frozen green beans, buy packages ready-frozen and store in home freezer.

LATER: Add frozen beans to boiling water to which a little savory has been added. Cook according to directions, drain and serve with butter or margarine and, if you like, a little savory.

HOT MINCE CHERRY PIE

Pies may be frozen before or after baking. There is less danger of spilling if lattice-top pies are baked before freezing. Unbaked, double-crust pies, full size or individual, are better if the top crust is left unmarked before freezing. The top is pricked or slit just before baking.

NOW: For this year's mince pies, try combining the mincemeat with unsweetened pie cherries from the freezer or from a can (drained). Two cups of mincemeat to one cup of cherries makes a good filling. Wrap the pies carefully in moisture-vapor-proof wrapping, excluding all air. Seal and freeze.

LATER: Put baked frozen pies directly from freezer into preheated oven (325 to 350 deg. F.). Heat for 25 to 30 minutes and serve hot. Unbaked pies go into a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes then finish baking at 350 deg. F. for an additional 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot. *

ON GUARD

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WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OFFICES

Continued from page 15

what an office is and she thinks of people.

Businessmen suspect that women see an office from a strange and feminine point of view. They are made painfully aware of it at times. One manager of a large group of women started a small

revolution just by tacking a notice on the bulletin board about too many people coming in late.

In less than ten minutes he had six irate women in his office. "I haven't been late in six months!" raged one. "Why is this directed at me? You know I'm always the first one here," stormed another.

"They all took it personally," the manager groaned.

Women not only take a personal interest in the affairs of the office, they

take a personal interest in office people's affairs. They delight in mental calculations about fellow workers, based on straws in the air conditioning that men miss completely. An extra long dictation from an executive, slight changes in voice tone, overhelpfulness, a sudden gruffness—all are grist to their gossip mills.

Almost any female employee could tell the boss more about the members of his staff than he would find out in a docket of questionnaires.

A woman knows when people are in love before they realize it themselves. The same built-in radar tells her when people are in trouble. She reacts like litmus paper to an acid phrase. She knows what junior executive is being fattened for the axe. By a mysterious distillation of half-heard telephone conversations, chance remarks, shopping lists and the way his collars are ironed, she builds up a complete and often cock-eyed picture of her boss' married life. She knows all about office love affairs, even the ones that never take place.

The low observation point of men in an office can be maddening. One young copywriter in an advertising agency who was working up to a request for a raise decided to try a softening-up technique. She pretended to be going out to look for another job. She came in wearing a hat, gloves, her best suit and carrying an immense portfolio of clippings which she luggered the full length of the office under the eye of the boss. Later she asked for half an hour off to keep an appointment. He granted this request but he didn't seem to be getting the point. She then asked for a page proof of a recent piece of copy she had written "to show to somebody who wants to see what I can do." She made sure he saw her with portfolio on her way out. She spent half an hour sitting in a Honey Dew despondently sipping a cup of coffee and then went back, defeated—too disheartened even to ask for the raise.

Two weeks later she was offered another job and she went in to resign.

"Say," said her employer, a great light dawning, "did you go out to look for a job about two weeks ago?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"I knew it," he said, then added in an awed tone, "I must be psychic."

To a man an office is a place where he earns his living but any woman who has done time in an office carries the marks of the experience to the grave. To the girl on her first job, it's a coming of age. It's often the first time she's called "miss," and the first time she pays income tax. It's the first time she wears her nylons and high heels every day. Lifelong friendships blossom over cokes and sandwiches at noon. Forevermore her opinions on fashions, movies, diets and what sort of food to serve at showers will probably be based on the considered opinions of the girls at Blodgett Inc. In the pool car she learns how to handle the dirty joke. In the stock room she learns how to parry the pawings of the office wolf. Her attitude on sex is molded in lunchroom powwows. Even her children will be able to trace their blue eyes and red hair to the fact that the personnel manager happened to have a vacancy in Plant Administration the day she applied for a job, which meant she found herself sitting at a desk next to a blue-eyed, red-haired young man who turned out to be HIM.

Business has tried its ponderous best to regulate the human element out of existence in offices. One large retail company has a rule that there are to be no doors on any offices behind which anything can, or can be imagined to, go on. This same company also has a rule that no two employees of opposite sexes are to be left alone in any office after hours without a third party being present. Movies, bulletins, booklets and courses have been devised to instruct

They'll toot your praises over this yummy

Tutti-Frutti Cake

a new, sumptuous creation by MAGIC



TUTTI-FRUTTI RING LOAF CAKE

2 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1 1/4 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour	2 tbsps. finely-cut preserved or candied ginger	1 tsp. grated orange rind
2 1/2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder	1/4 cup sieved well-drained sweetened canned peaches	1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. salt	1/4 cup finely-chopped filberts	1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/4 cup well-drained finely-cut mixture of red and green maraschino cherries	9 tbsps. butter or margarine	1/8 tsp. almond extract
candied cherries	1 cup fine granulated sugar	
	3 eggs, well beaten	

Grease an 8-inch tube pan and line bottom with greased paper. Preheat oven to 325° (rather slow). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times; mix in prepared cherries, ginger and filberts. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in orange rind. Combine sieved peaches, milk, vanilla and almond extract. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of peach mixture and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pan. Bake in preheated oven 65 to 70 minutes. Cover cold cake with the following Creamy Peach Icing and decorate top with orange sections, drained halved green maraschino cherries and whole filberts.

CREAMY PEACH ICING: Cream 3 tbsps. butter or margarine. Work in 2 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with about 3 tbsps. sieved well-drained sweetened canned peaches—use just enough peach to make an icing of spreading consistency; beat in 1/4 tsp. almond extract.



This sumptuous fruity cake is meant to see you over a week-end—but don't count on it! Such a magical blend of flavors—such a dream of an icing—will keep you cutting and cutting! And every slice will add a fresh note of praise for your baking skill . . . you made it yourself!

For baking you're proud to serve, you can depend on time-tried Magic Baking Powder. Magic protects your investment in time and ingredients and ensures success—all for less than 1¢ per average baking. Be sure you have Magic on hand.

bosses on the way to handle office help and how to prevent the fires of passion, hatred and rebellion from breaking out among the staff.

Ample evidence that their methods are not entirely successful is provided by all the secretaries who have married their bosses, all the romances that have blossomed at the water cooler, all the secretaries who hold down good jobs on something more than their shorthand, all the feuds that are waged daily over whether the windows should be up or down, sudden tears that deluge baffled bosses, and that commercial orgy, the office party.

Since her arrival on the scene the steno has shaken the business world so that it will never be the same again. Because she liked bright colors business offices broke out in cerise and rose. When psychologists came up with the theory that women work better if they are given time to chat, coffee breaks became a part of office procedure. When stenos started balking at Saturday work, companies found they could only be sure of office help if they offered a five-day week.

Even the banks have had to change their sober, time-honored ways to get and hold their female help. In 1951 a special bill was passed in parliament to allow banks in large centres to close on Saturday.

Overalls For White Collars

Ever since the invention of the typewriter, women with their nimble fingers, devotion to detail and immunity to the boredom of routine, have been an essential piece of office equipment. A measure of a company's importance today is often roughly estimated by how many acres of little girls with desks and typewriters it can exhibit. The mark of the executive is his ability to press a buzzer and summon a genie in navy blue with white touches who says, "Yes, Mr. Smith?" Business is nourished on pulsing arteries of letters, memoranda and reports (all with six carbon copies) pumped out by thousands of stenos. If all the little girls decided to stay in bed all day tomorrow, they could bring the mighty machine to a shuddering stop.

But, ironically, just when business feels most dependent and indulgent toward her, the little girl with the notebook is playing coy. The light, bright factories are wooing her with high wages and paying her while she apprentices. The snob appeal of white-collar work doesn't cancel out the temptation to skip commercial school, don overalls and start collecting her first pay cheque.

As a result business is dangling the highest salaries in history before her. Newspapers in large Canadian centres regularly run four to five columns of ads pleading for office help. Says Miss Mary MacMahon, director of employment at Underwood Ltd. in Toronto, "If one thousand well-trained stenos were to be dropped into a city like Toronto in the morning I could have them all placed in good jobs by five o'clock the same afternoon."

Top secretaries in good companies take home salaries of one hundred dollars a week, with a raft of benefits. Beginners with eight months' commercial course and often only two years' high school are turning up their noses at thirty-five a week. A high-school graduate with a commercial course often

earns fifty to sixty after only one year. The little girls are in a seller's market and they know it.

The manager of a steno pool in a large company ran an ad for a steno at thirty-five dollars a week for four months without a nibble. Finally a sixteen-year-old who hadn't finished her commercial course sauntered in, flopped down in a chair and planted a large dirty plaid bag on his desk. Before he had time to question her she asked in a bored voice, "What does this job pay,

anyway?" He told her. She seemed unimpressed. He then outlined the company's excellent hospitalization plan, but she seemed to consider the deductions sheer robbery. At the end of the interview he gave her a typing test. She scored a low forty words a minute. He was about to tell her kindly to go back to school when she got up and collected her bag. "I'll let you know if I decide to take the job," she said.

Another office manager reports hiring a new steno and starting to introduce

her to her fellow workers—mostly men in their late thirties. "I've changed my mind," said this teen-ager, looking over her co-workers, their faces wreathed in welcoming smiles. "The men here are too old." Personnel people say reasons for turning down jobs range from the shabbiness of the district to lack of an office bowling league.

Although business - college teachers claim the average steno of today is better trained than she was fifty years ago, she is also lazier and less respon-

Real homemade tomato vegetable soup in 10 minutes!



1 No Vegetable Soup tastes as good as homemade

2 Now make it the modern way in 10 minutes with these magic Lipton "makings"...

3 and enjoy good old-fashioned, homemade Vegetable Soup



LIPTON SOUP MIXES

TOMATO VEGETABLE • CHICKEN NOODLE



LIPTON CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Real chicken broth—golden rich. Tender, nourishing egg noodles, cut to easy spooning size. Delicious old-fashioned homemade soup, yet you cook it in just 7 minutes with Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup Mix.

**More soup
for less money
with Lipton!**

Variety for variety, you pay less for Lipton Soup Mixes than for most canned soups. Furthermore, Lipton gives you more soup than most canned soups! And those magic Lipton "makings" cook in jig time — are the quick, modern way to real homemade soup!

SLEEK...

as an ocean liner



THE *Atlantic* iron

A beautiful streamlined iron by Morphy-Richards to make your ironing a pleasure. Just look at this list of features—and the price! You can't afford to be without this new super-light beauty.

- ◆ HEAT SELECTOR DIAL — right heat for all materials—no scorching.
- ◆ SCIENTIFIC BAKELITE HANDLE — less fatigue—no shock.
- ◆ BEVELLED SOLE PLATE — makes iron glide easily. Point fits under buttons.
- ◆ CHANGEABLE CORD — for left hand ironers.

Available in conventional chrome finish or in pastel shades of Robin's Egg Blue, Primrose Yellow and Lily Green.

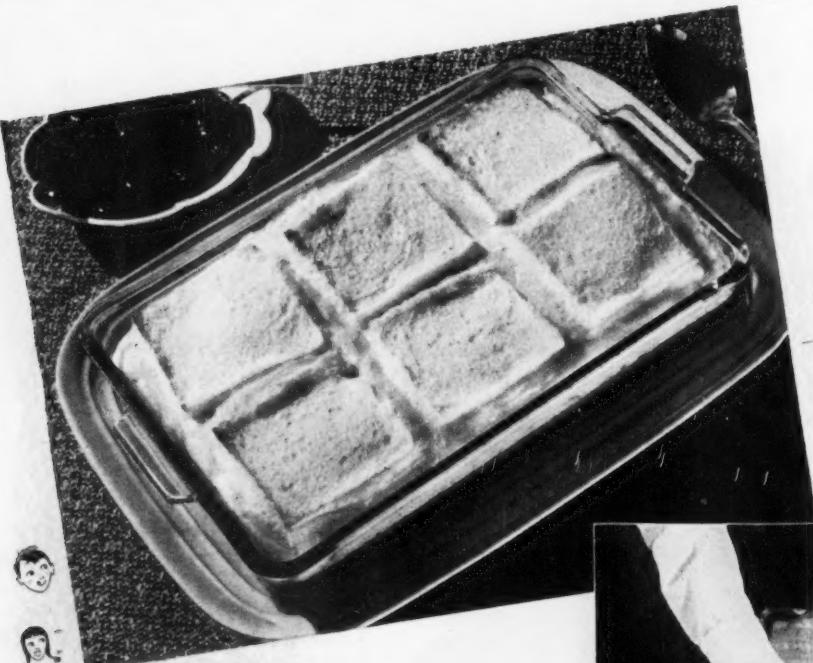
GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR — \$12.95

Look for the M-R sign at your dealers.

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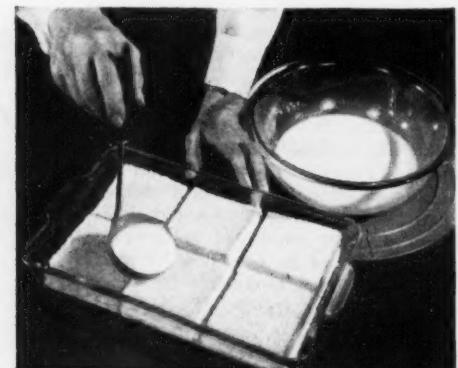
M-2-3

(Advertisement)



1. Arrange 6 slices of bread (crusts trimmed) in bottom of rectangular baking dish. Place a Kraft Deluxe Slice of Canadian Cheese on each slice of bread. Cover with 6 slices of bread (crusts trimmed).

2. Beat 4 eggs. Add 2½ cups milk, salt and pepper. Pour egg and milk mixture over the bread and cheese sandwiches. Let stand an hour. Bake in very moderate oven, 325°, about 40 minutes. Serve plain or with jelly.



sible. One girl's boss spoke sharply to her about a bad erasure on an important letter. "Do it yourself," she said and walked out.

Another in Montreal decided one afternoon at four o'clock that she was bored. She quit, took a train to Edmonton and had a job the day after she arrived.

The scarcity of young stenos has bred a new type of office help—the girl who changes her job as often as she changes the color of her nail polish and for as little reason. She is called by the business world "the jumper."

A jumper is always looking for the land of bulging pay envelopes, no time clocks, blind and deaf office managers, whopping Christmas bonuses, practically no dictation and a surplus of young vice-presidents, all single and all looking like Gregory Peck.

She can sniff the atmosphere of an office the minute she enters the door. She mentally types the boss as a stuffed shirt or "call-me-Harry" kind, and sums up whether he's hard-boiled or more concerned about his golf game than how many coffee breaks she takes. Is it a carefree office where a girl can chat with her neighbor and steal an occasional cigarette? Or is it a treadmill where you have to carry on conversations Edgar Bergen-style with one eye cocked on the box in the corner where the Thunder god is likely to come popping out at any moment blowing smoke and fire through his nostrils?

In less than a day a jumper has a breakdown on the men—which are married, which wish they weren't and which appear to be in open season. Her cunning tells her which girl will probably

be most useful to her, which one is likely to break down and give her the inside story, and who to shun.

When she first opens the top drawer of her desk to stow away a fresh unopened copy of "Your Company Welcomes You" she is likely to be able to give a description of the former occupant that would do credit to the RCMP. Smudges of powder—the beauty expert; crumbs and coke bottles—the glutton; pill boxes—the health addict.

Who Can Smoke

Symbols of status are child's play to a jumper who mastered the signs along with her shorthand. A routing slip for office memoranda grades people in order of importance as clearly as Burke's Peerage. A glass-topped desk, a rug, a name on the door, the people who lunch with the boss, the girls who are allowed to smoke, tell her all she needs to know. She soon learns which people she has to give prompt attention to, and which ambitious young executive she can make squirm by only acting on his orders if he issues them through the boss' name.

An example of how much status can mean is the case of a senior steno in an office which had been redecorated. In the shuffle she was given a green metal desk like the rest of the stenos instead of her old wooden one. After two weeks of brooding she confronted the manager with her resignation. When asked why she said, "Because you seem to think my work has fallen off." She had considered her wooden desk a sign of superiority that set her apart from the younger stenos and when it was removed she felt she had been demoted.

How to make light and fluffy

Cheese Strata

Even more delicious than it looks, Cheese Strata is rich in protein from cheese and eggs.

And simple to make, with mellow-flavored Kraft DeLuxe Slices! In the neat half-pound package of Kraft DeLuxe Slices you get 8 perfect, sandwich-size slices of superb cheese, all ready for main dishes, sandwiches and snacks.

(These slices never stick together!)

The setup or system in an office is generally a rough compromise between the boss' wishes and stubborn resistance to change put up by the employees. Old retainers especially defend the established way of things with their lifeblood. They not only prefer certain methods of doing cost sheets and filing systems but they like their coffee at certain times, have special places to hang their coats, machines they consider theirs, proprietary attitudes toward certain tables in lunchrooms.

On the other hand they will leap to the defense of the company as they would to the honor of the British Commonwealth. The rules of the company might have been handed down by Moses. The boss is the Great White Father and the day of days is when they get their twenty-five-year pin.

The jumper knows that her happiness in any setup depends on how she is accepted by the girls. Her first day is most important. She will be looked over as if she were being bought in a slave mart. She must look friendly and modest and not be overeager. She must never make the first advances. She must be prepared to smile and draw some blanks. At the same time she must adroitly side-step the office pariah who will try to snare her for a friend. If there is any sort of feud going on both sides will make strong bids for her because in any war numbers count. She will have to decide quickly which looks like the winning side. She must talk little, never boast, put on airs or try to impress.

The jumper knows that even when she has been accepted it is most important to keep on good terms with the

(Advertisement)

How to add flavor and nutrition to everyday menus

Add nutrition to salads by adding strips of Velveeta, Kraft's famous cheese food. When you toss greens for a chef's salad, toss thin curls of Casino Brand Swiss right in with them. Or crumble Casino Blue and toss with a salad for distinctive flavor.



Top off a meal with one of the best desserts in the world—fruit and cheese! Almost all fruits and almost all cheeses go wonderfully well together, so you simply combine your own favourites. A dessert suggestion: grapes, apples, or pears with MacLaren's Imperial Sharp Cheese.



Remember that all cheese for a cheese tray is better served with no chill in it. The flavor's best when you take the cheese out of the refrigerator a few hours ahead, and serve it at room temperature.

Surprise your guests with hot cheese canapés. Cut small rounds from Kraft De-Luxe Slices of cheese, and place on toast rounds, same size. Top each with an onion slice. Brush lightly with oil, and place under moderate broiler heat until cheese starts melting. Superb flavor!

In cooking with cheese, bear in mind that a double boiler is always kindest to protein foods—and that includes cheese. Too high heat makes cheese stringy. Overcooking is another error. When cheese is melted, it's cooked. Take it off the heat. Serve it at once.

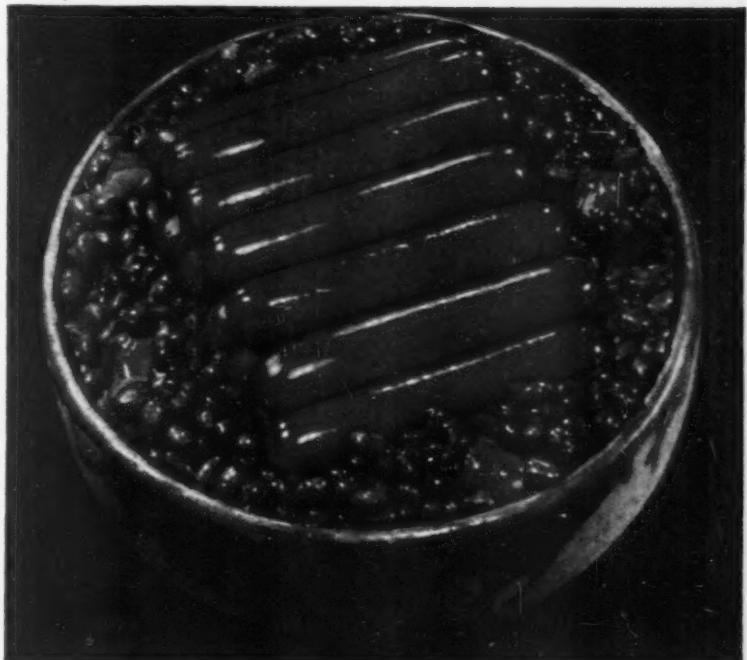
Serve cheese often, because in addition to being delicious it has truly impressive food values! Cheese helps to supply high-quality complete protein, at low cost. It's an excellent source of milk calcium and phosphorus, a good source of vitamin A and riboflavin. Ounce for ounce, there is no other basic food that matches cheese for these important nutrients!

Make quick, delicious hot cheese sauce by melting a ½-lb. of Velveeta in the double boiler and stirring in a little milk. (Use a ½-lb. pkg. or cut this portion from the economical 1-lb. or 2-lb. loaf.) Season to taste. Then pour it over toast—vegetables—leftovers. Children really do love it.



Easy meal...

TO COME HOME TO!



Easy TO BUY



Easy TO SERVE

JUST HEAT AND EAT

Wieners and Beans

FOR A TASTE-TEMPTING TREAT

Skinless
TRADE MARK

Wieners and frankfurters
made the **Skinless** way
are sure to be tender!

VISKING LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

Pariahs are generally the kind of people who get left out of things everywhere. In offices they are too critical, meddlesome or overgenerous with advice. Sometimes they are just quiet, odd girls who are allowed to hang onto the edge of things, grateful for any conversational crumb that falls their way.

A jumper can spot a pariah just by the way her name is mentioned. Once a girl is labeled a pariah she might as well drink the office supply of erasing

fluid—or leave. Her only hope is a rebellion against the high priestess or the arrival of a more objectionable pariah. In the last case, strange to say, the original pariah often leads the pack against the new outcast.

A jumper always carefully considers the boss' secretary. It's only in Hollywood that secretaries are always blond and beautiful. Most men prefer grammar to glamour (they say). Secretaries are generally hard-working, responsible people who more than earn the extra

dollars they get in their pay envelopes.

Many a businessman would be at sea without the girl who is sitting sideways at his desk getting kinks in her knees while he fumbles for a word. Besides straightening out his mangled syntax, interpreting the mumbo jumbo that comes through his cigar smoke and censoring his strong language, she often screens and handles five out of every six phone calls he gets a day.

Often she is an escape valve for bad temper his wife wouldn't tolerate. Some-

times she's a combination nurse, travel bureau, dietitian, and errand boy who reminds him of wedding anniversaries, when to take his pills, gets him plane tickets, looks after his shopping, and does everything but put on his hat and steer him to the door.

Occasionally she becomes that familiar figure in fiction stories—the office wife, nursing an undying devotion that would put Lassie to shame, wasting her whole emotional life away on chance remarks, smiles, and yearly Christmas gifts—which his wife picks out.

Sometimes such relationships do burst into full-dress affairs but the girl rarely gets the man. When he retires his young successor has his own ideas about whom he wants for a secretary and very often fires her or tosses her back in the steno pool.

The Girl-in-a-Quandary

The rest of the office staff the jumper sorts as quickly as the mail. The dried-up old maid is a fast-disappearing breed, but every office has its thwarted mother who wants the girls to confide in her. There is always a martyr who insists on doing more than her share of the work so that she can complain about it. There is generally an older woman from whom men are always trying to wrest her greatest treasure. (She once walked through a park at midnight and was jumped at—naturally.)

Every office has a date girl who totters in late, looking as if she has had no sleep—which she hasn't. She types in a semiconscious state all morning. She hasn't had a square meal since she started applying lipstick and she uses her lunch hour to nap in the rest room. About four she begins getting out her beauty kit. By a quarter to five she is poised like a firehorse waiting for the quitting bell so that she can start all over again.

Every office has its woman-in-a-quandary. She is generally young and her problem is straight from the soap operas. "Should she or shouldn't she marry John? He is fine, upstanding and madly in love with her, but—after all, she does play a better game of tennis and she has always wanted (sigh) to marry a man who was superior in every way." She probably doesn't want to marry the man anyway—or she would. But if there is an outside chance that she might change her mind the best way to throw it in the wastebasket is to let the office coffee crowd manage her love life.

Most offices have a few exuberant teen-agers addicted to giggling and wisecracks. At least one of them will be cherishing a grand passion that would make Isolde's sufferings look like the romance of the crayfish. The object of her ardors may be anyone from the office manager to the office boy, but they're quite harmless because generally the man never gets her sorted out from the furniture.

There is the snob who doesn't have to work, and the housewife who would much rather be at home beating a meringue than a typewriter. There are the hobbyists—rock climbers, glass collectors, folk-dancing enthusiasts—who will bore you at the drop of a paper clip on anything from Bach to bee-keeping. Every office has its supply of amateur dressmakers, hair stylists and psychologists who will go to work on a new girl from the libido out.

PYREX Flameware Teapot—Boil water, brew tea, serve proudly. 6-cup size, \$2.95.

PYREX Flameware Percolators—See coffee perked to just the right strength! 4-cup, \$3.95; 6-cup, \$4.95; 9-cup, \$5.95.

**they're NEW
they're EXCITING
they're WONDERFUL VALUE
and they're**

PYREX

New Tempered strength plus new smart design—give you easier, finer stove-top cooking. They stay lovely. They're so easy to clean—so satisfying to use—so flattering to own.

NEW TEMPERED PYREX FLAMWARE

all these pieces for less than **\$16.50**

PYREX Flameware Double Boiler—Cover fits both sections. 48 oz. size, \$5.95.

PYREX Flameware Saucepans—Lock-on covers, stay-cool handles, hang-up rings. 32 oz., \$3.20; 48 oz., \$3.60; 64 oz., \$3.95.

If it's PYREX Ware the trademark is on it.

PYREX WARE A Product of CORNING GLASS WORKS OF CANADA LTD.

"Pyrex" brand is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works of Canada, Ltd.

There are a few well-established rituals that a jumper has no difficulty in following because they differ so little from office to office.

One of these is the ritual dance around the engagement ring. The first person to see the ring should always let out a piercing shriek that makes Tarzan of the Apes sound sissified. The signal is unmistakable and all the girls run to the spot. A ring is not properly recognized unless the babble of excited oh's and ah's is kept up for at least ten minutes while bosses, buzzers and phones are forgotten.

Then there is the proper way to let the other girls in the office know you're talking to a boy friend. The uninformed girl will make loud enthusiastic noises that will probably puzzle the man on the other end of the line and get an unsatisfactory freeze from the girls. But an interminable, intimate murmur with a dreamy half smile gets the fact across more subtly and has the added advantage of allowing a girl to keep some pretty uninteresting conversations to herself.

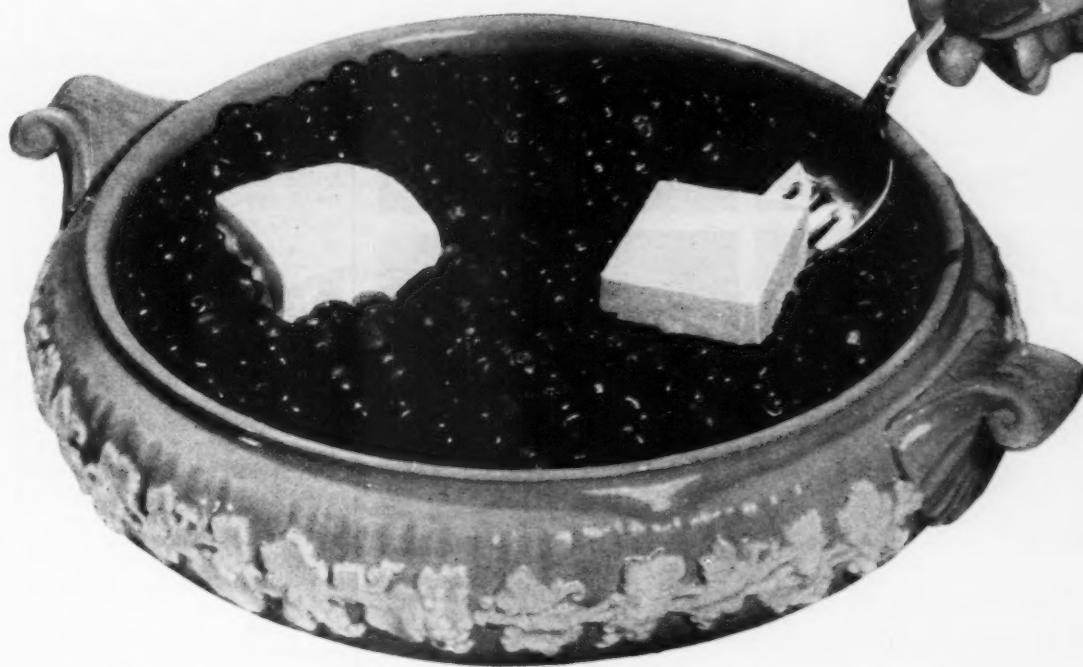
Every jumper worth the streetcar fare to her next job knows how to get through a day without doing any work. The props are a loaded-looking desk, a busy air, and a brisk purposeful manner. Sometimes these are sufficient, but just to make sure, a complaint that your typewriter isn't working or that the air conditioning is giving you sinus, or that your Venetian blind is stuck will generally excuse you from hours of labor while the slow wheels that get these matters attended to go about their business. Piles of Argyle socks are knitted, personal letters written, hands manicured, magazines read, make-up applied and daydreams dreamed on company time.

No Grab-Bag Romances

Considering a woman's natural love of romance, time lost in office dalliance with men is, surprisingly, a fraction of the time lost in girl-to-girl chitchat. Office bachelors are often so gun shy that even a casual "hello" in an elevator is loaded with implications that a woman is on their trail. Office wolves are a breed so clearly marked that they get no more attention than tabby cats once they've been spotted. If there are any extra men rattling around the office a girl can count herself as lucky. She not only has a daily opportunity to win their interest, but she also has a pretty accurate idea of what sort of breadwinners they'll be. One astute little blonde says, "I'd much rather go out with a boy I've seen around the office, than take a grab-bag chance on one of these usual John-meet-Mary routines."

In conclusion, the office can be, like most other places where a group of people work together, a corner of heaven or hell. Quite apart from any work that comes out of an office, it serves many other useful purposes. Many a grubby teen-ager has turned into a glamour girl under the tactful coaching of her older office co-workers. Many a high-placed woman executive has battered her way up the ladder of success with a typewriter as her start. Many a broken heart has been healed in the thankful sanity of clattering typewriters and squawking dictaphones. Many a married woman looks back fondly on what were some of the happiest days of her life—back in the old job at the office.

GOOD LUCK CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MARGARINE!



A difference? You bet! Sweeter, fresher GOOD LUCK has that real "Melt-in-your-mouth" goodness!

Try Good Luck—and find out just how sweet, how fresh a margarine can be!

Fresher, sweeter Good Luck is sweet-churned every day! And it's "freezer-blended" by a special process, for a melt-in-your-mouth goodness you just don't get from other margarines!

Enjoy Good Luck's melting goodness on

green peas, hot baked potatoes, all your vegetables; on bread, toast, rolls . . . and in cooking, too! Spreads costing half again as much can't give you finer flavour . . . more Vitamin A or wholesome energy. Made with *pasteurized ingredients*, Good Luck is as pure and nourishing as a spread can be!

A difference? Just try Good Luck—and you, too, will change your mind about margarine! Ask your grocer for Good Luck. Foil-wrapped twin-bar package with handy color wafers . . . or the new color-mix bag. Pre-colored, too, wherever permitted.



You can buy Good Luck ready-colored, in foil-wrapped twin bars in areas where provincial laws permit the sale of colored margarine.

GOOD LUCK

The sweeter, fresher margarine!

HAVE YOU ENTERED GOOD LUCK MARGARINE'S GIANT CHRISTMAS BONUS CONTEST?

\$10,000 IN CASH PRIZES 185 PRIZES IN ALL—
Just to complete a simple limerick!

For full details, watch for Good Luck announcements in daily and weekend papers, or listen to Kate Aitken's daily radio program "Your Good Neighbour".

RULES AND ENTRY BLANKS AT YOUR GROCER'S NOW! HURRY! HURRY! Contest closes Dec. 6

4 delicious treats ... make them from One Basic Dough!



It's amazingly simple with wonderful active dry yeast!

If you bake at home, find out the wonderful things you can do with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast! Serve fragrant rolls or fancy breads in variety from a single dough! Always get Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast — it stays fresh in your cupboard, and acts fast in your dough!



1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter; brush with melted butter or margarine. Crease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle a scant $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick; loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald

- 1 cup milk
- 5 tablespoons granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water

Stir in

3 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth and elastic; work in 3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 31

the minister and his assistant (or the Sunday-school superintendent and a teacher) might fill these roles. We made do without curtains by making our small changes in stage settings and properties in the darkness, helped by the glow of flashlights which the narrators used to read their lines by. We found some eager electrical geniuses among our young people to rig and operate effective lighting to illuminate the stage and spotlight the tableaus.

The action took place at the front of the church on a stage built between the chancel and the first pews, at the height of the pew backs, and made use of the altar steps which rose above platform level at the rear. You can easily adapt your stage and the action on it to suit the architecture of your own church, Sunday school or church hall—wherever you choose to put the play on. We felt the important thing to be the three sets of steps leading onto the stage from the three church aisles. This permitted use of the entire church for action and—as you will see—brought the play close to the little ones in the congregation and brought them all into the play, in a truly moving climax.

We gave free rein to our imagination in starting the play with the life of Mary as a young girl, in order to catch the interest of even the youngest children, but otherwise stayed as close as possible to the Biblical story. Leaders of all major Christian churches in Canada have since read the play. They have been enthusiastic that Chatelaine should make it available to readers of all denominations who may be wondering how to stage such a Christmas pageant, and suggested that in each case the local minister should be consulted as to any minor changes in action or lines he may feel necessary to make it entirely acceptable to the individual congregation.

It was late in the afternoon, that Sunday before Christmas, when all our preparations were completed for the pageant at Christ Church, Deer Park. Just as the bells tolled seven the minister mounted the pulpit and spoke to the congregation.

"Tonight the children of this church offer to our Lord and to their parents their Christmas gift of this pageant. Their performance is offered as a prayer with the intention that in the year ahead of us Divine wisdom will be granted those people who are in a position to work toward Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will. These acts of worship from the children are the most beloved gifts you could receive and they offer them to you with love from their hopeful young hearts."

"And now, so that we may start this pageant as the children have started their rehearsals, let us say their prayer—

"Bless us all, and let us try always to walk in the path that leads to the Manger. Amen."

Perhaps your minister can use this same introduction; and he can guide your staging of the Christmas pageant, following as closely as possible this script for the Nativity play:

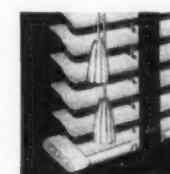
The organ plays the opening lines of *Silent Night, Holy Night*. From the rear of the darkened church a boys' choir (or



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a mixed choir if you wish) come down the centre aisle, carrying red and green vigil lights and singing the carol, filing across the stage to take seats in the choir stalls beyond.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel . . . Thou art fairer than the children of men; full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee forever.

THE SECOND NARRATOR: Those are the words written in the Holy Bible that tell of God choosing Mary to be the Mother of Our Lord . . . and it is important that you know what sort of person Mary was.

You see, in the days when Mary was a little girl the Jewish religion was the religion of that part of the world. The Jewish church was called the Temple. The ministers of the church were called Temple priests. Little groups of girls gathered at the Temple buildings just as we do and there they learned to sew and pray and sing, just as we do. Boys attended the Temple school.

Mary belonged to one of the groups that gathered at the Temple and just as you study and work, Mary did. Just as you sing and skip and laugh and chat on the way home, so did Mary.

She was a very sweet and gentle little girl, and kind to her friends. I'm sure she was gay and courageous too. She loved her special friends and shared secrets with them and laughed and joked when school was out. But, really she was more than just an ordinary little girl because we know that as she grew in sweetness and goodness she was to be selected by God to become the Mother of Jesus, and an example for little girls and women for all time. And we feel something of the greatness that lay in store for Mary as our children enact for us a scene from the childhood days of Mary and her friends at the temple.

Lights up at the back of the church and on the stage. Liturgical dance music (Handel's pastoral may be used here) begins. Girls come dancing down the three aisles . . . they are dressed in long white gowns with over-pinnies made of straight panels of material hanging down both front and back to four inches from the foot of their dresses. The colors are cerise and lime and turquoise and emerald green and lapis blue and coral (color combinations that sound most modern and were taken from the old stained-glass windows of the church). On their heads they wear wreaths of coral and white blossoms . . . they dance in white socks and feet. As they approach the stage the music changes to a more serious rein and with folded hands the girls climb to the stage. Here they arrange themselves in groups and older girls distribute spindles and wool to them and they commence work. The monitors pick up reading boards and stand reading to the group. The Jewish priest (in white robe, red, gold and blue headdress and sash) enters from the rear of the stage and as he walks forward he blesses the girls, who rise and bow, and then he goes among them examining the work they are doing. As he passes through them his head turns several times to the face of one of the girls. He returns to her, cups her face in his hand, and then patting her on the shoulder leads her to the centre of the stage. While this action is going on . . .



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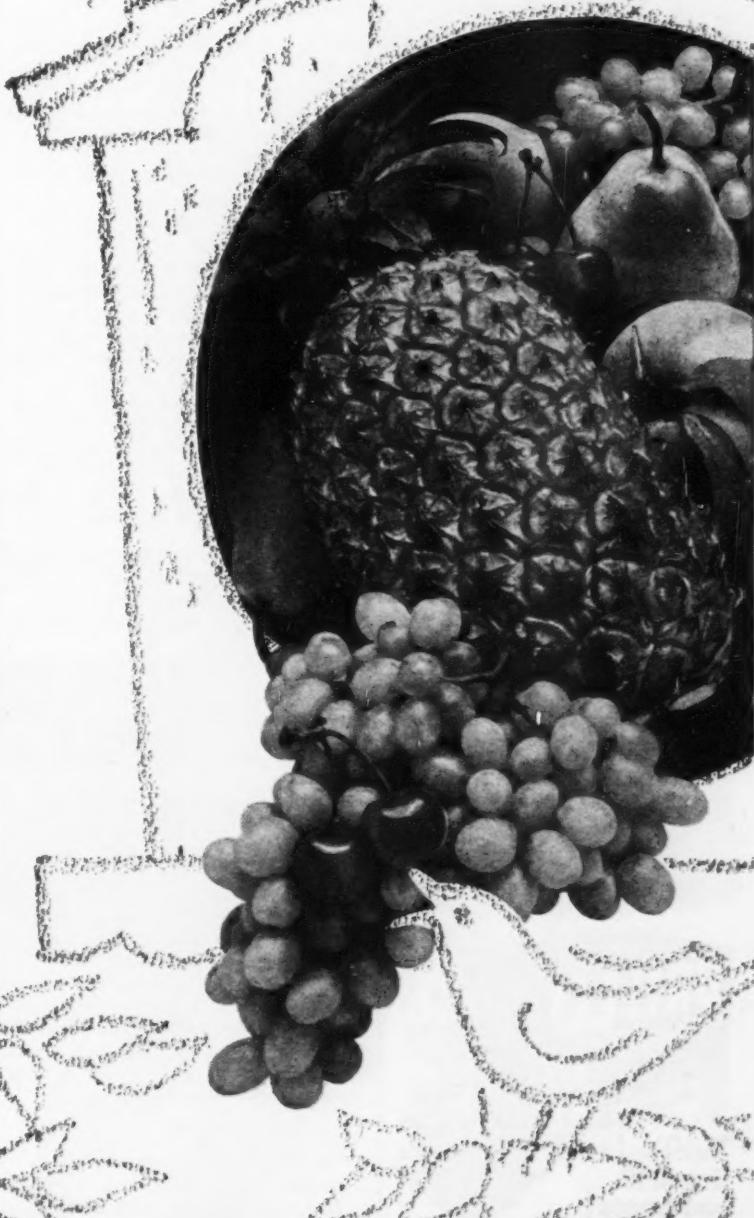
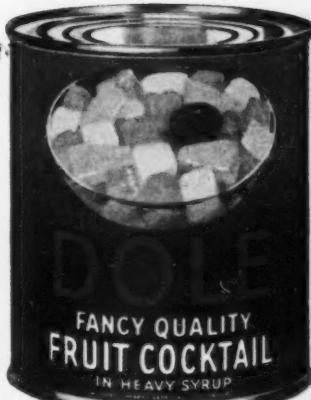
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THE CHOIR SINGS:
Praise we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering
ray

On waiting saints of old.
The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised seed.
Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom Heaven's own
Majesty,
Came down to shadow o'er.

(The "Venice" setting was used for the music for this hymn from the Church of England hymnbook.)

The priest now turns Mary around to the other girls, who place their work aside in baskets on the stage and file past Mary in two lines, one passing on either side of her, as they move back to take seats in the choir stalls. As they pass Mary and the priest they curtsey and a very few of Mary's special friends lean forward and kiss her on the cheek. Mary puts out her hand and pats them on their arms. Now the priest turns Mary around to face the audience again and as he talks to her she kneels. He places his hand on her head and then leaves her. Mary is left alone, praying. Lights go out.

THE SECOND NARRATOR: Time passed . . . years of time and Mary prayed and studied and did God's will. All the children here tonight can understand that because they know that from the time Princess Elizabeth was a little girl she was trained and guided to be ready for her future responsibilities. All the little girls in this congregation are being trained now by their parents and teachers so that when they are women they will be good, fine, gentle and courageous. Well, these years in Mary's life were spent perfecting her character for the wonderful womanhood and motherhood that God would give her.

When that time passed and Mary had proved herself the sweetest of women a messenger was sent her by God—the Angel Gabriel, who came to tell Mary that she was to be the Mother of Our Lord. The Bible tells the story . . .

THE FIRST NARRATOR: Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise . . . The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary.

The lights go up in the altar at the rear of the stage and Gabriel (in a blue-and-silver gown under a sheer white robe, Cellophane wings and halo) is standing on the top step of the altar with arms outspread. On each descending step are two or three little cherubs (in pastel costumes like Gabriel's) facing Gabriel with their arms outspread. (If your church does not have steps in this location perhaps your platform can have a raised part at the rear.) Beside Gabriel is an angel a little larger than the cherubs holding in outstretched arms a pale blue glittering cloak and a spray of lilies and a veil. Mary is kneeling and as Gabriel and the angels move forward to the stage

THE CHOIR SINGS:
Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid
The favored of the Lord.

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As the angels draw closer to Mary she rises quickly and lowering her head covers her face in fear and stands to one side of the stage. The angels group around her and Gabriel moves close to her. Gabriel raises his arms in front of her and bows low.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: Gabriel said "Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

Gabriel moves forward to Mary and gently takes her hands down from her face. As he draws Mary into the circle of his arms the side of her face is against his chest and the two heads look out to the congregation. (The part of Mary was taken throughout by an eight-year-old child. Gabriel was a thirteen-year-old girl and the difference in their heights allowed for the action described.) The cherubs move closer.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: (speaking as Gabriel moves to protect Mary) And Gabriel said, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. And, behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus."

Now Gabriel puts Mary back from him and she stands straight and unafraid. Gabriel lifts his hands to Heaven and with outstretched arms bows again with all the little cherubs bobbing around him.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the House of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

The angel carrying the cape and veil comes forward, handing the lilies to the littlest angel. Gabriel dresses Mary in the cloak, the cherubs fixing the hem and feeling the material and touching Mary with childish curiosity.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: Mary said, "How shall this be?"

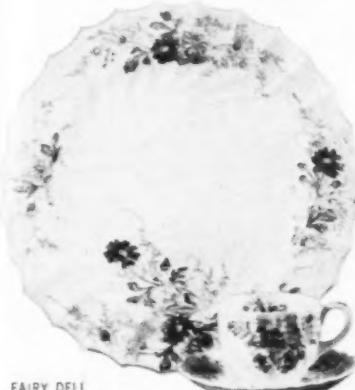
Gabriel places the veil on Mary's head, turns her around to face the congregation, and stands close behind her with his head bent over her.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: And Gabriel said, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. (Gabriel circles his outstretched arms heavenwards again, and above Mary's head.) Therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And Mary said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

At the speaking of those words Mary holds up her head proudly so that the back of her head rests gently on Gabriel's chest and raises her arms in a triumphant free gesture so that the two figures seem merged together with the V of Mary's outstretched arms repeated in the arms of Gabriel behind her. The choir sings the last two verses of the annunciation hymn as the angels start to move back slowly toward the altar.

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THE CHOIR SINGS:
Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth
Through whom that wondrous mercy
came
The Incarnate Savior's birth
Jesu, the virgin's son
We praise thee and adore
Who are with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

Gabriel and all the angels but the littlest one have gone back to their positions on the steps of the altar. The littlest angel has given Mary the lilies during the hymn, but then has taken her hand and lingered looking up into her face as Mary smiles down at the cherub. Now the angel that carried the cloak comes back and gently disengages the cherub's hand from Mary and leads the little one back to the altar—but the cherub keeps his head turned and his eyes on Mary. As the lights dim Mary buries her head in the lilies. Quickly and gently she drops to her knees, and leans forward in a praying position with her head bent and her arms cradling the lilies as a mother might look upon praying with a child in her arms. As lights go down . . .*

THE SECOND NARRATOR: You see, Mary

ence, on the opposite side of the manger from Mary.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: And she brought forth her first born Son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

THE CHOIR SINGS:
Away in a Manger.

Shepherds come down the three church aisles, centre aisle first, others following to arrive separately at the altar. The little ones wear "animal skins" made of felt and carry gifts of sheepskins, and desert flowers. Slightly taller children in striped flannelette robes, dark cloaks follow carrying lamps with vigil lights burning in them, also older shepherds in capes and desert headdresses carrying staves and crooks. As they wander up the aisles the little ones see the star and they cluster together and pause to wonder, before they move on up onto the stage to look in the manger. Here they bend their knees in worship and leave their gifts. When all the shepherds are on stage they form a dramatic group around the family at the manger.

THE CHOIR SINGS:
We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

Oh star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light.

FIRST KING:
Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
Repeat chorus.

SECOND KING:
Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, God most high.
Repeat chorus.

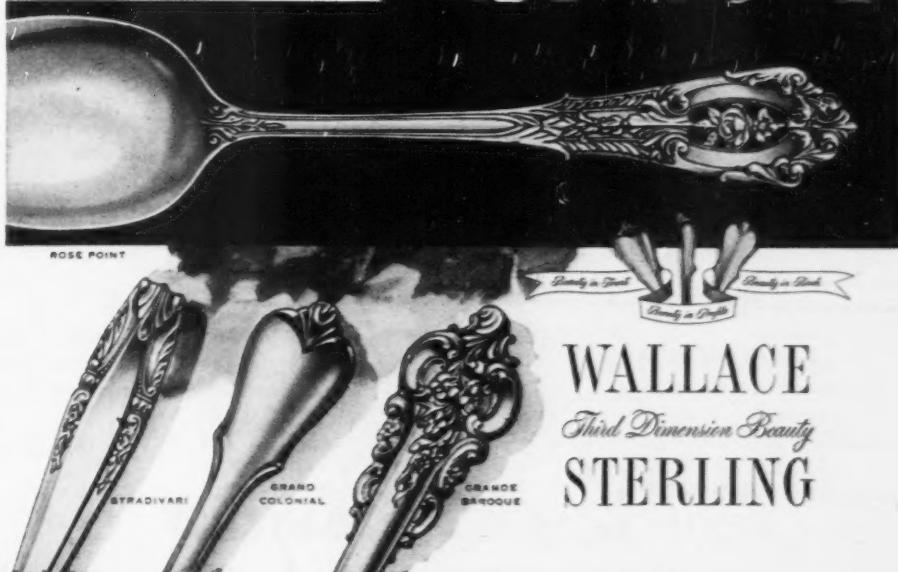
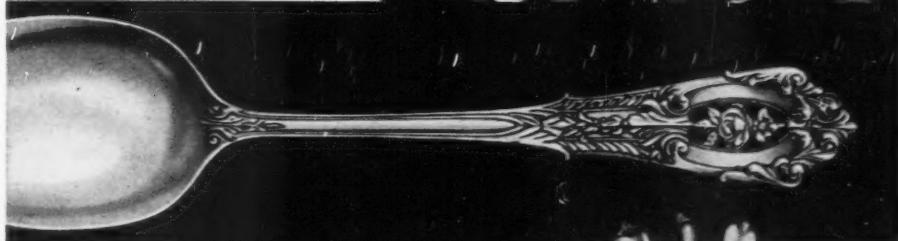
THIRD KING:
Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Repeat chorus.

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THE CHOIR SINGS:

Glorious now behold Him Arise,
King, and God, and sacrifice,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Earth to the heavens replies.
Repeat chorus.

Down the aisles one at a time, as described in the hymn, come the three kings and their retinues. Servants carrying the royal gifts precede the kings in stately procession. The first king and entourage mount the centre steps and worship at the manger, followed by other kings from either side. As the kings arrive the shepherds draw back, as if in awe, permitting the kingly entourage to form a brief tableau behind the manger. After a moment the shepherds move forward again to mix with the kings and their followers, to form an enlarged tableau as hymn ends.

THE FIRST NARRATOR: And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth . . .

The lights dim slowly on the tableau.

THE SECOND NARRATOR: That was the first Christmas so many hundreds of years ago. That night, that first Christmas, people were so busy and everywhere there were such crowds no one would put themselves out to let Mary and Joseph in—and so Our Lord was born in a stable. Now in this year, in our own time, people are so busy and life is so crowded that there are many of us who don't let the meaning of Our Lord into our hearts. Many of us have remembered the gifts brought by worshipers to the stable but have forgotten that the gifts were incidental to the worship. Tonight, so that all the children in this church will always remember what Christmas giving really means, our little ones will bring this year's gifts and worship to this olden Manger scene.

You see, boys and girls, the gifts that each of you brings to the Manger are of such heavenly value that if you just saved money all your lives you couldn't buy one of them.

You can't buy a real prayer with money. You can never purchase kindness. Honesty has never had a price . . . These are the rarest gifts—yet each of you may bring them right to the Manger.

Now from alternate sides of the stage come children in modern dress, as described by the narrator . . .

THE SECOND NARRATOR: Even now you see a Cub . . . he brings his good deed to the Manger and offers it on bended knee to the Babe. Do you know what his good deed was? He helped his little sister into her coat and galoshes when his mother was busy, and Our Lord was well pleased with that gift.

Next Month:

A special Christmas story by Ernest Buckler

THE LAST DELIVERY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By the author of last year's memorable story, A Present for Miss Merriam

Here is one of our Brownies bringing her sewing badge—presenting to the Babe her work and her ability to stick at something until she succeeds.

Here come two little fellows home from kindergarten with their first pieces of art work—offering them as gifts to the Manger, offering, really, their creative ability to produce beauty as God knows it . . . and as Fathers and Mothers know it too.

And here is a little girl with a very special gift. The gift of kindness. She nearly said something one day when she was teasing a friend that would have hurt that friend . . . she stopped and thought . . . then quickly thought of something to say that helped her friend instead of hurting her. That is a thing we are never too young to learn—or too old to practice.

And now comes a Scout, offering a very precious gift indeed—something he had done that was wrong. When he was asked about it he could have evaded punishment by lying, but he didn't. He thought—and he told the truth. He took his punishment and started again on a clear path. This gift is surely one of the most precious to the Son who came down to earth because God so loved the world that he would show us how to overcome the human faults of all of us.

Here again comes a Guide . . . bringing the gift of courage to the Manger. (*The child chosen here was a girl who was physically handicapped but eager to play her part in the children's pageant—a moving moment in the play.*) The courage that makes us do hard things as well as we can and smile while we do it . . . A Guide always smiles . . . All of us have hard things to do, some of us harder than others. Those who do it with a smile are surely the most beloved by God.

Now there comes another little one—a little girl who left her playmates at their games and went to visit her grandmother who can't get out. She told her grandmother some of the things that were happening at school and at home and they had a fine time together. The gifts prized highly at the Manger are those gifts of family love and thoughtfulness.

And now the last of these gifts . . . and the last shall be the first. Three little figures in pyjamas and nighties, ready for bed. Their teeth cleaned and their faces and hands washed taking good care of the gifts God gave them. Here they are offering their evening prayer before the Manger. "Dear Lord Jesus, please bless us all, and make us good. Amen."

Spotlight on tableau goes out, leaving stage or footlights on.

THE SECOND NARRATOR: These are the gifts you all can bring. These are gifts that on Christmas Eve before you go to bed and after you have hung up your

No matter
what they track
in your kitchen...



"IVY SQUARE"
No. 830. Also
in yellow and white.
6' or 9' wide.

**GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
has the
8-COAT
THICKNESS
wear-layer
that can
take it!**

"MANHATTAN"
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Gold Seal Congoleum has a wear-layer that's a dream to clean, a wear-layer of paint and enamel that's thick as 8 coats of the finest floor paint put on by hand. The Gold Seal guarantees satisfaction . . . and remember a Congoleum room-size rug costs ONLY A FEW DOLLARS!

At right — CONGOWALL — the wall covering that looks and feels like ceramic tile . . . costs only a few cents a foot.

See the full range of Congoleum and Congowall patterns at your House Furnishing Dealer's soon!

FREE

Clip this coupon for free booklet showing you all the latest Congoleum and Congowall patterns in full colour, and lots of smart tips on easy ways to beautify your home. Mail to Congoleum Canada Ltd., 3700 St. Patrick St., Montreal.

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MONTREAL, QUEBEC

From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake

Carnation Home Service Director

FOR CANDY-LOVING FOLKS who want it in a hurry—I have a wonderful new recipe for 5-Minute Fudge. It's the smoothest, richest-tasting fudge you ever ate in your life. And it just can't go wrong. Your grocer is featuring my 5-Minute Fudge. Perhaps you've already seen the big Fudge color display. Makes you want to rush right home and make some! And it couldn't be easier—thanks to Carnation. Unlike other forms of milk, Carnation is double-rich. And it's specially heat-refined. That's why it performs cooking miracles not possible with ordinary milk. Carnation's special character makes it blend more smoothly with other ingredients, to bring out all their flavor and goodness. To illustrate, here's my recipe for 5-Minute Fudge, in case you didn't get it at your grocer's:

CREAMY 5-MINUTE FUDGE

(Makes 5 dozen 1-inch squares)

2 1/2 cup (1 small can) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 1/2 cups marshmallows (about 16 medium) diced
1 1/2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine Carnation and sugar in saucepan. Cook over medium heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add remaining ingredients; stir until marshmallows and chocolate melt and blend with mixture (1 to 2 minutes). Pour into buttered square pan (8" x 8"). Cool. Cut in squares.

IF YOU PREFER the "boil-'n'-beat" type of fudge, you'll find that Carnation makes it creamier, too. The recipe leaflet at your grocer's gives not only my 5-Minute Fudge, but also "Carnation Velvet Fudge"—the smoothest, most professional-tasting cooked fudge you ever made. Be sure to get your copy of my candy-recipe leaflet, next time you shop.

To clean a burned or badly scorched aluminum pan, boil an onion in it.



I KNOW A WAY you can make a big saving in your food budget, yet get improved results. I mean in coffee creaming. Millions of real coffee lovers prefer Carnation to cream in their coffee, yet it costs only about 1/2 as much. See how your husband likes the richer flavor of coffee "creamed" with Carnation . . . and save!

LISTEN to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week—specially written for this programme. See your newspaper for time and stations.

IT'S EASY to give variety to hot cereals. Simply add chopped dates, raisins or a little cinnamon. And a sure way to give extra goodness to cereals is to fill your cream pitcher with Carnation. Carnation's double richness gives cereals a creamy goodness you expect only with expensive cream . . . yet you pay only milk prices for it!



ALL MY FRIENDS seem to want new dessert recipes. So I want to tell you about my latest... "Choco Mint Cake". You'll love it. So easy to fix, too . . . because no baking is necessary. This recipe calls for milk that whips, meaning, of course, Carnation. No other form of milk is rich enough. Carnation is good whole milk concentrated to double richness. So, like cream, it whips easily.

CHOCO MINT CAKE (Makes 6 servings)

2 1/2 cup (1 small can) undiluted Carnation Milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup (6 oz. pkg.) semi-sweet chocolate chips
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon peppermint essence
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
16 lady fingers or vanilla wafers
Chill Carnation in refrigerator tray until ice crystals form around edges of tray (20 to 25 minutes). Whip until stiff (about 1 minute). Add lemon juice and whip very stiff (about 2 minutes longer). Melt chocolate over hot water or low heat. Cool; mix with beaten egg yolks, sugar, flavoring. Fold in beaten egg whites and whipped Carnation. Place in pan which has been lined with waxed paper, then with wafers. Chill until firm (2 to 3 hours).

For all whole milk purposes—cooking, baking, drinking—mix Carnation with an equal amount of water. For cream purposes, try Carnation undiluted. You'll be delighted!



"from Contented Cows"

stockings should be your last thought . . . while the world waits for the dawning of the day when Men of Peace and Good Will will celebrate the birth of Our Lord.

Offer these gifts on Christmas Eve in your prayer. The kind things you have done this year . . . the promises of ones you will do next year. Then during the year remember to prepare your presents every day that you may have them ready to give to Him on His Birthday.

Then you too will receive His gifts, for Christmas is a time of giving and receiving. God gives you those presents that no one else can—not presents that wear out, or break, or only serve for a season . . . but the best presents.

He gives you happiness. When you walk along the street by yourself on a beautiful day and you are humming you are so contented . . . God has given you that contentment. No one else can.

When you are lonely and other children don't play with you and suddenly you think of something you can do by yourself to enjoy yourself . . . that is God giving you the gift of self-sufficiency which is very rare indeed.

When you have something difficult to do and just don't think you can but you try—and do it . . . God gave you that courage to try.

He gave you the love of your Father and Mother and all your family. And the more you give to God the more He gives to you. That is the Divine secret.

As these words are spoken the stage lights have gone out and all the children from the stage have gone quietly down the side steps and up the side aisles in the darkness to the back of the church. The Manger has been moved back onto the top step. Mary and Joseph, the littlest shepherds and Gabriel and the angels form a tableau about it on the altar steps. Now the full lights go up on stage and in the church. The minister leaves the pulpit and moves over to stand on one side of the platform.

THE MINISTER: And so the children have told you in their actions the old story that is ever new. To all the world as long as there is dignity and hope, this story will be told at this time of year. As we bring up our children remember the path to the Manger. Let every gesture of the child be directed toward Giving, every thought guided toward Hope. Let the optimism of Christmas Day take its roots in the home every day of the year. Let us all—starting with the children in the congregation tonight—come down the path that leads to the Manger. The path where courage walks hand in hand with faith and hope and charity . . . the path where children with their tolerance and their faith lead us all to a way of life that lets them join hands with the angels.

As the organ plays *O, Come All Ye Faithful* the children from the pageant come up the aisle again from the back of the church, singing. As they pass the pews they hold out their hands to the children in the congregation who join them. All move forward until the hymn is finished and then standing on the stage and across the front of the church receive the evening benediction. The organ continues with Christmas carols until all have passed the altar. *

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What's your pleasure, sir? Prime roast beef or fresh Gaspe salmon . . . or perhaps a club sandwich and your favourite beverage? Whatever you choose you will appreciate the skill of Canadian Pacific chefs in preparing your food . . . as well as the skill of our staff in serving it for you. Wonderful meals are traditional when you travel on Canadian Pacific trains. They are another reason why "Travel Comfort is our business!"

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YOU WERE ASKING THE INSTITUTE

How can I prevent the paraffin wax on top of my chili sauce and mustard relish from shrinking?

The Institute does not recommend the use of paraffin wax for sealing chili sauce, or semi-thick relishes. If such relishes are to be stored for any length of time, it is advisable to put them in sterilized jars with rubber bands and standard screw or clamp tops. For short storage in small jars, paraffin may be poured on while relish is hot, then a second coating poured over to seal the first coat right to the edge of the glass.

The Institute has found that chili sauce keeps longer and retains its color longer if it is processed for 5 minutes in a boiling water bath (in the same way as home canned tomatoes and fruits).

What can be done to prevent fruit pies from bubbling over?

One way to prevent juice from bubbling over is to combine a little flour, cornstarch or quick tapioca with the sugar and fruit. This thickens the juice and helps to reduce the amount of bubbling over. (Use 4 to 5 tablespoons flour, or 2 teaspoons quick tapioca or 1 tablespoon cornstarch for average pie.)

After baking pie on the lowest rack in the oven for the first ten minutes, place pie on middle rack for remainder of baking.

Always make a number of slits in top crust to allow steam to escape.

For very juicy deep pies, place a pie funnel in centre. These may be purchased in housewares section of local department stores.

Is it possible to make a fudge and a cake frosting with honey instead of sugar?

Fudge will not become firm if honey alone is used. The proper proportions are $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey and 2 cups sugar as in the recipe below.

Honey Fudge

2 cups sugar	1 cup evaporated milk
1 square unsweetened chocolate	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
	1 cup nuts

Boil sugar, chocolate, salt, and milk for five minutes. Add honey and cook to soft-ball stage (240 deg. F.). Add butter; let stand until lukewarm; beat until creamy, add nuts, and pour into buttered pan. Cut when firm.

A honey frosting will not be as firm as one made with sugar but it will stand up in peaks like a fluffy 7-minute frosting. We recommend this recipe:

Honey Orange Icing (Uncooked)

1 egg white	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey	

Add salt to egg white. Warm honey over hot water. Pour in a thin stream over egg white while beating vigorously. Add orange rind and continue to beat until thick and fluffy. Spread on cake. Sprinkle with extra grated orange rind. Yield: About 2 cups frosting.

How can I cook side bacon so it will not be greasy?

Place bacon strips in heavy frying pan and cook slowly until golden brown, turning once. (Cooking slowly prevents uneven browning.) Lift bacon carefully onto two thicknesses of absorbent paper

(paper toweling is good) that have been placed on a flat pan or oven-proof plate. Set in preheated oven (300 deg. F.) for five to ten minutes. This not only removes superfluous grease from bacon but keeps it hot and crisp while omelet or eggs are being cooked to go with it.

Another way to cook bacon is in the broiler. Place strips across broiler rack and broil slowly. The fat drips into

bottom of broiler pan. Strips can be lifted onto absorbent paper to drain for a minute or two before serving.

When I opened my cedar chest the other day I discovered some moth larvae in a handknit sweater. What should I do to make sure the other garments are all right?

Remove everything from your chest. Take garments outside, shake thoroughly and hang in the sun. Wipe out the cedar chest, then spray with a moth-killing fluid or bomb. Close box

tightly for twenty-four hours or overnight.

Any washable items that are to go back in the box should be washed and thoroughly dried. Others should be sprayed with a good moth repellent, following the directions on the can. Never put a soiled or spotted wool garment in a cedar chest, then you will be sure there are no moth larvae on them. When you have packed the clean and treated garments in the box, press cover down tightly. *

Whenever you want HOT WATER FAST

- * for hot beverages!
- * for baby needs!
- * when range elements are busy!



Upstairs, downstairs — day or night — you can count on a G-E Kettle for hot water — fast. This wonderful Kettle speeds preparation of hot tea, chocolate or coffee . . . lets you warm baby's formula faster late at night . . . or hot-rinse dishes so that they dry more easily. The G-E Kettle provides boiling water to start vegetables cooking faster, yet leaves all of your range elements free for cooking. You'll find your G-E Kettle waiting for you at your Dealer's today! Small Appliance Dept., Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd., Toronto.



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Living rooms once were high



and crowded, today are low and open

Look What's Happening to Living

PART 2

LIVING ROOMS

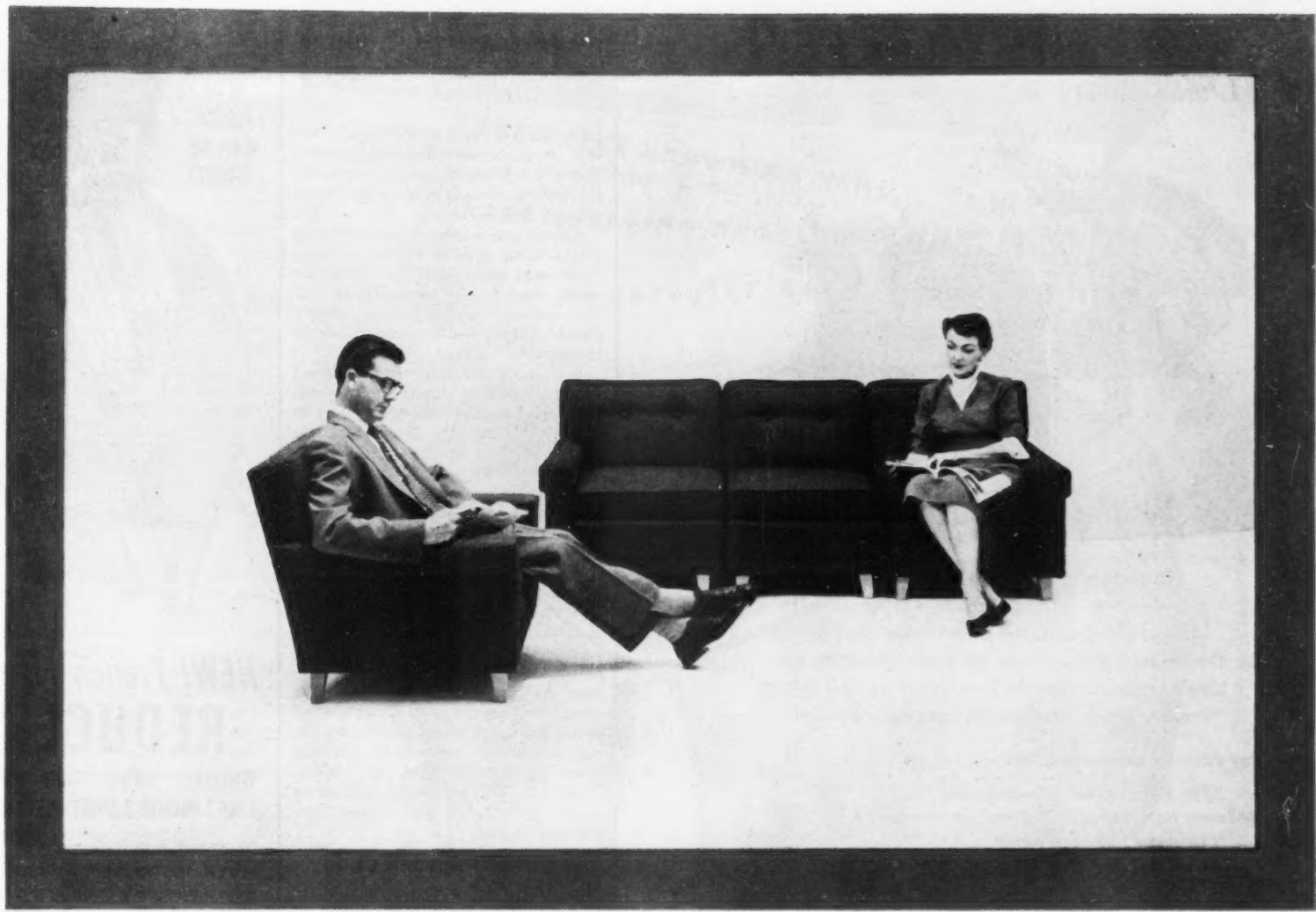
BY KAY DARCY

Want to see a show? Put your sewing club to work, eat, hear a concert or have a dance? Today's living room has to be equal to any challenge, so its furniture and styling must be as flexible as our way of life

NEVER BEFORE has the name living room been more meaningful. It means exactly what it says—the room where we do our living. It's the room where we entertain guests, listen to records, play bridge, write letters, read a book or just stretch out our legs and relax. More and more it is becoming the room where we eat, the room where teen-agers can dance without creating havoc, a workshop for mother's sewing club and a theatre for the small neighborhood TV fans. No longer is the living room a fixed and formidable museum where nobody dares sit down, as it was when we called it a parlor. Today from the sofa to the smallest ash tray our living rooms are being designed and furnished for flexibility, versatility—our way of life.

But in Canada the change has been slow. Canadians have clung to Edwardian highboys and monster settees long after our American cousins had packed them off to the glueworks, and even today furniture dealers estimate that half of all Canadians still live with the dark, massive, unmovable furniture of grandpa's time.

But the currents of modern Canadian life are surging into a full tide of change. The five-day week leaves us more time for family living. TV is luring families back into the living room. More and more working wives with less time for clean-



ing and straightening have led to a demand for a pleasant room that is also easy to maintain. Entertaining is no longer formal and the living room must often double as a dining room as well. The psychologist's dictum that "children should be both seen and heard" increases the demand for a room that functions for all the family.

WE LEARN TO LIVE WITH SPACE

Architects are responding with a new kind of living room, based on the old colonial idea of merging the living, dining and cooking spaces into one big room. Interior decorators have played up this trend by persuading us that a home is not a collection of regimented rooms, but a pattern of spaces where we are free to move furniture without disturbing the balance, where one area can serve many purposes. The color trend throughout is toward subtle shades of one color, sparked by careful use of bright accents.

We no longer stuff our living room full of heavy, unmoving furniture. We are learning to live with empty spaces. In general our furniture is becoming more mobile, more adaptable. Because the same chair has to be shifted around, say for eating dinner and then for TV, it is being made lighter, less cumbersome. Fur-

niture no longer has its back to the wall. It moves out into the room and it has to be designed to look well from the side and back as well as from the front. Our ceilings are lower and our furniture is being scaled down proportionately. Another welcome piece of news—because we expect our furniture to do so much extra work, it is being made stronger and stands up better than anything we have been offered before.

The war between modern and traditional furniture that has been waging for the last twenty-five years is over in the United States, with modern declared the winner; in Canada the battle still goes on. Most dealers say they sell just as much modern as they do traditional. Canadians, with their British background and more caution than the Americans, often buy modern furniture when they first marry, but replace it with traditional when they become well-to-do and invest more money in their homes. French Provincial which is a steady, high-priced seller is typical of Canadian traditional tastes.

But the news is in contemporary furniture and here the main trend is a back-to-nature movement. Natural wood graining is being left natural. Plain slate tops are appearing on living-room cabinets. Woods are combined to bring out their contrasting grains; for example, an occasional

table has a cherry top along with a walnut base.

This winter Canadian furniture makers are launching a new finish in warm brown—a shade that falls between the light bleached tones that have been so popular and the dark colors of bygone days, yet which blends with both blond and dark.

This is part of the growing trend to break away from sets and matching pieces. "Manufacturers will no longer guarantee that the chair you buy to match the chair you have will look like a pea in a pod," one salesman points out. "There's a swing away from everything looking as though it was stamped out of the same machine."

SOLD FROM THE TOP DOWN

The stark angular modern is gradually being embellished by Canadian manufacturers. Brass furrows on chair legs, a revival of the old Empire style, will be seen in 1954 furniture fashion parades. Many people predict that Canadians, as they do in so many other fields, will choose a middle-of-the-road contemporary style.

Foam rubber is becoming the rule in all upholstered chairs and sofas in both modern and traditional furniture. More and more it is used for arms and *Continued on the next page*

"Don't forget the Butter"



for the Royal slice of bread"

In that delightful poem, "The King's Breakfast"*, quite a to-do arose because the cow was sleepy. The King asked the Queen, the Queen asked the Dairymaid and the Dairymaid asked the cow for some butter for the King's breakfast. But the cow was sleepy and said that "many people nowadays like marmalade instead."

But when he heard about this—

*"The King sobbed 'Oh, deary me'
And went back to bed. 'Nobody', he whimpered,
'Could call me a fussy man;
I only want a little bit of butter for my bread!'"*

In the end the cow relented and the King got his butter.

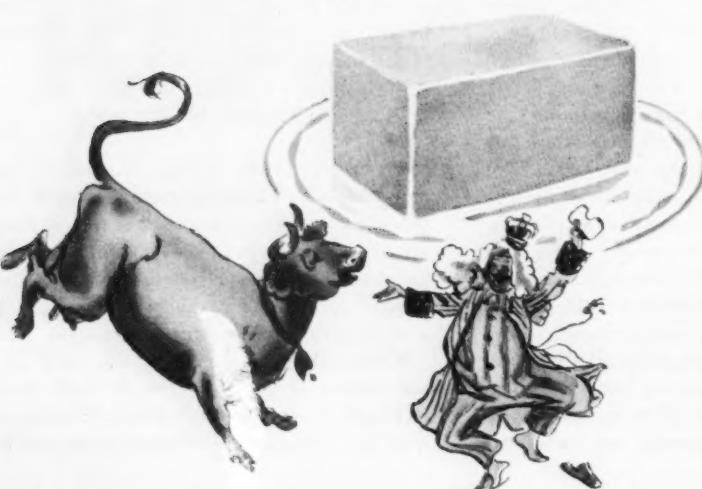
Not only Kings—but everyone prefers butter!

And no wonder, for butter with its creamy, wholesome richness is the hallmark of "the good life" everywhere. And butter is the nutritious product of nature's most complete food—milk.

So give your family the benefit of the food that can not be bettered, even for a King—**BUTTER!**



DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU
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409 Huron Street — Toronto, Ont.



LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING

Continued from the previous page

backs as well as seat cushions. Not only is it comfortable, but durable. When the fabric covering is removed for cleaning, the sofa with the plain foam rubber is still usable.

Fabrics and finishes are contributing to the living possibilities of our living rooms more every day. New fabrics are easily cleaned, dirt camouflaging and long-wearing. Finishes that are virtually liquid, scratch and heat-proof are now on the market.

A veteran salesman with years of selling experience observes, "We sell furniture from the top to the bottom now. You sell the fabric and the airfoam. Years ago, it was the opposite. You sold from the bottom up. We all began our sales talk by hoisting the chesterfield over and pointing out the webbing and construction details. Webbing is disappearing now. At today's labor costs, quicker construction methods are used."

At one time people shopped for massiveness which they interpreted as sturdiness. Today everyone, consciously or otherwise, is shopping for compactness, and manufacturers are scaling down their furniture to today's small homes and apartments. But the shrinkage in size isn't confined to slimming down overstuffed arms and backs. Today's furniture is being built closer to the floor to fit our modern low-ceilinged rooms.

Monsters Girdled in Chintz

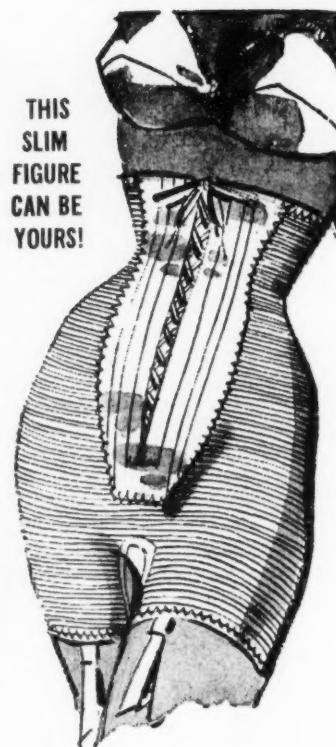
One businessman illustrated the situation very simply by holding up a piece of standard-size company letter paper. "The living room used to be this shape"—then turning the paper on its side, "now it's this shape, low and wide, a horizontal line."

The three-piece suite is becoming as much of an anachronism as the umbrella stand. "Fifteen, twenty years ago, every couple came in here, and what did they ask for?" reports one salesman. "Chesterfield suites, three pieces with taupe mohair and colored cushions. You could sell them anything so long as it was taupe mohair with colored cushions. The Canadian public ran like sheep in those days. I'd plead with customers, 'You wouldn't wear a hat like every other woman's would you,' I'd say, 'then why have the exact same chesterfield?'"

The other bigfad that furniture salesmen still shudder over was the chesterfield and one chair in blue plush, one other chair in wine—a grouping that announced, "We married in the mid-thirties."

Then came the slip-cover orgy. "When the plush and carved velours got shabby," an interior decorator recalls, "all the horrors were shrouded in chintz. Thousands of Canadian women had their reason unsettled trying to girdle a monster of a chair in six yards of rose chintz."

Shoppers today are looking for separate pieces that look well together. The modern upholstered chair is slimmed down to almost half the width of our chairs of the mid-thirties. There is more variety in living-room chairs and sofas than you've seen before—sectional, free-



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Check Girdle Girdle crotch

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form design, half-sofas with one arm, are all the result of the need to conserve space and put the room corners to work. These interchangeable styles treble seating space, make for flexibility. You will do well to use arithmetic when shopping for sectional furniture. With certain pieces, you can seat eight for the price of seating three. There are many combinations and it will pay you to shop with the idea of getting the most seating space for the money.

Occasional furniture is more compact, flexible and sturdy. Coffee tables are low and big, often in free-form shapes that you can buy singly or in pairs and fit together in different patterns. Stack tables and telescoping nests of tables hoard space and are dandy for snacks. Fold-away tables and buffets double as living-room cabinets. One manufacturer has cut down the height of occasional tables from seventeen inches to fifteen and one half. This season you will also be seeing a new finish on living-room tables—a clear lacquer that takes alcohol and burning cigarettes without a mark.

Manufacturers are also coming up with designs to meet the growing trend of new houses, where living room and dining room flow into each other. The postwar trend has been to provide dining space in an L or at one end of the living room, so the extra space may enlarge the living area. Division is sometimes created by setting a sofa at right angles to a wall and this is leading to well-designed furniture from the back view as well as the front. As one decorator put it, the living room has become the dining room and all furniture must harmonize. Dining-room chairs are no longer spindly-legged and straight-backed; but are sturdy, comfortable with narrowed backs, designed to be pulled into the living-room circle at the end of a meal. Some new ideas you'll be seeing are slip-cover seats, which make it easy to do a quick switch in fabric.

Dining tables, with nowhere to go in homes without dining rooms, are becoming part of the living room. They are used to hold lamps and magazines and have drop leaves to accommodate

"When Christmas Was Really Christmas"

KATE AITKEN
begins her own story of
a small-town childhood

DECEMBER CHATELAINE

CHATELAINE — NOVEMBER, 1953

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3 convenient sizes

SMALL (10 - 15 lb. fowl)

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*Reg. Trade Mark

"Manufactured in Canada by Gale Bros. Limited, Quebec, P.Q."

guests at mealtime, or extra leaves which change a game table into a dining table. Handsome buffets, designed for the living room, provide storage for dishes and linen. The crystal gazers in the furniture future can see clearly the time when food will be piled on a table on wheels in the kitchen and rolled into the living room. Shades of the old tea wagon! A few rollaway tables of modern design are already available for meals on the move, but most are expensive imports as yet.

Actually much living-room furniture is taking to wheels with the advent of TV. Metal glides and ball-bearing casters aren't noticeable and mean furniture can be whisked around quickly and easily for TV viewing, conversation and cleaning.

DO NOT DISTURB

By P. J. Blackwell

Welcome, evening baby sitter.
Guard with care our little critter.
Here we leave him in your keeping,
Quiet now and soundly sleeping.
Wake him not, but if you do,
May heaven then take care of you.

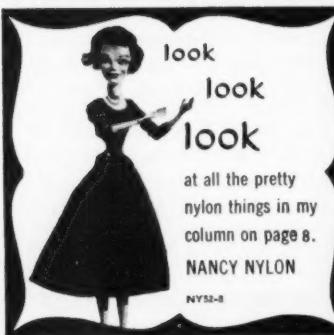
Party Time

Not a hair out of place



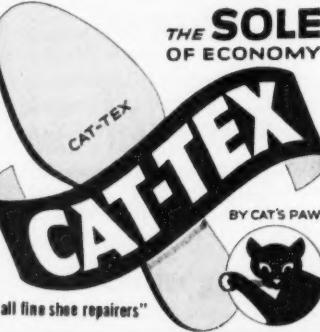
PRINCESS PAT
HAIR NETS

save the premium coupons



look
look
look

at all the pretty
nylon things in my
column on page 8.
NANCY NYLON
NY52-E



"at all fine shoe repairers"

bed at night—are another American idea that Canadians are taking to in living room after living room. They provide an extra bed for an extra guest while doing double duty by day as seating accommodation.

Reclining chairs are especially popular with Canadians. Newest models are more compact than earlier ones. Salesmen agree this is the one piece of living room furniture that the man of the house buys himself—or that the wife buys after his hammerlike hints.

Many young couples moving into a flat or apartment, who are bound by a small budget and not quite sure what style they want in furnishings, often start with unfinished furniture. The designs are simple and the wood can be bleached, painted, stained, waxed or varnished by the rank amateur. When they are ready to buy better furniture the unfinished furniture can move into the children's room or the recreation room.

Dealers and manufacturers agree that there are distinct regional preferences among the buying public in Canada. Solid red maple sells better in Ontario and western Canada than in Quebec. The Maritimes prefer period pieces in mahogany. Modern furniture is sold mainly in the big cities of Ontario, in Montreal and on the west coast. In Ontario mahogany is a favorite, in the west it's walnut. Heavily patterned, upholstered living-room suites (one decorator maliciously calls them "sweeties") are still favored in Quebec, the Maritimes and northern Ontario.

Montreal is the furniture man's dream city because it has the most sophisticated tastes. More Montrealeans demand modern, clean-lined furniture and decorator colors than anywhere else. "This chair is too sophisticated for Toronto," a manufacturer said, pointing to an occasional chair in dark-brown fabric with a gold lurex thread. "We're shipping it to Montreal."

Dark-brown upholstery is a hit in Montreal, but it collects dust in furniture stores in the Maritimes. While Quebec's favorite orange, red and bright blue are passed up by westerners.

Dealers agree the majority of Canadians show good taste in bypassing gimmicky furniture. The chairs with ash trays built in the arm, combination lamps, clocks and smoking stands have a small sale.

But all salesmen are puzzled by one phenomenon. The new Canadian wants

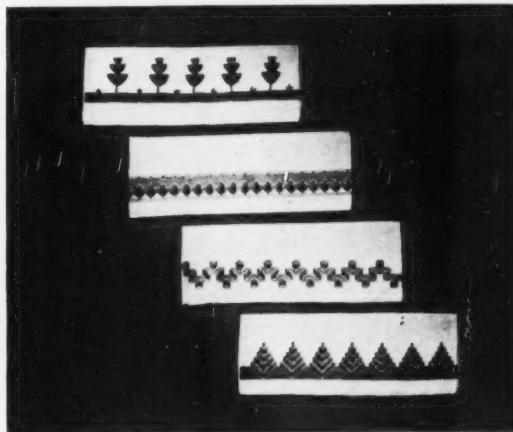
Have you tried?



To sharpen cheese flavor in cooked dishes by adding 1/4 teaspoon of dry mustard.

no part of clean-lined modern or good period either. He is buying the heaviest, most "1930" styles he can find. Manufacturers notice this fact too. They are forced to turn out a number of dated suites to fill this definite demand. "It's funny," said one salesman scratching his head, "because much of the inspiration for modern design came from Europe. Wooden arms on sofas started in Germany in the thirties, yet our new Canadians will have no part of them."

What is being done to promote good furniture design in Canada? The National Industrial Design Committee, formed in 1948 to promote Canadian talent in designing all types of consumer goods, has given a number of awards



HUCK TOWELS IN EIGHT COLORS

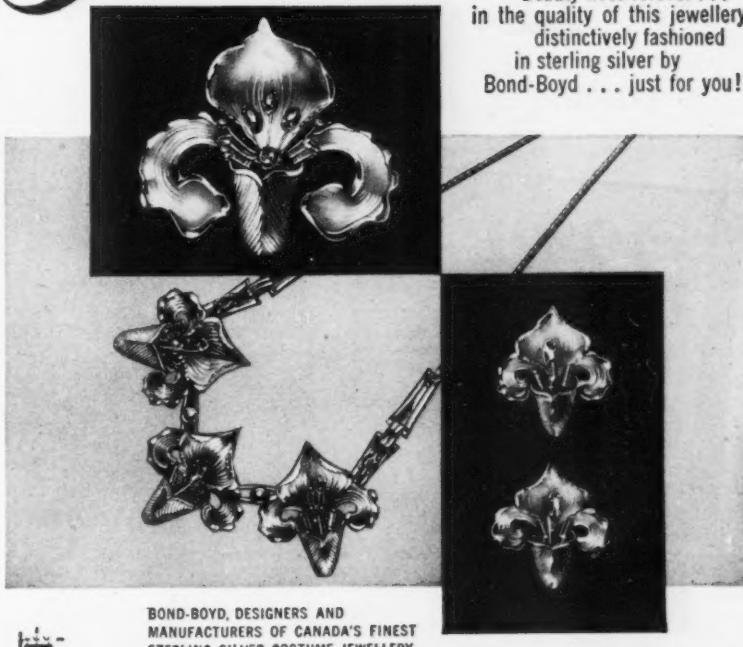
Your choice of 8 colors in pure Irish linen with these quickly woven huck towels. Large size, 14" x 21". State color choice of red, grey, chartreuse, flamingo, gold, green, blue, rose and white. Price per pair plus complete instructions for weaving—\$1.50. Order No. C103.

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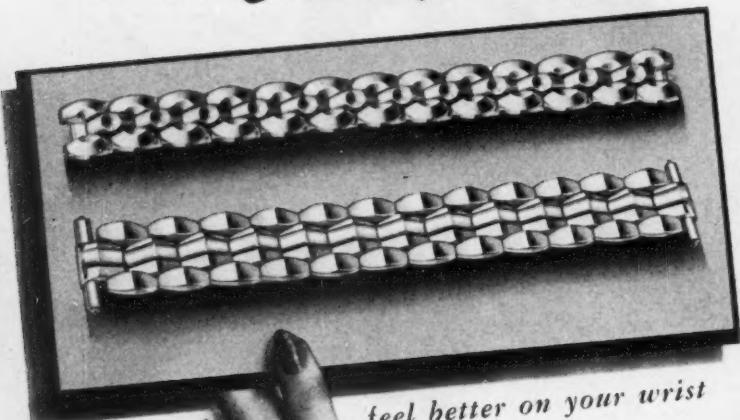
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Montreal, 2

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for fashion's new **FLUID LINE**

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Stretchable Warner's "A'Lure" Bra with elastic band, adjustable shoulder straps. "Sta-UP-Top" Girdle gently boned, elastic sides and back. Black, pink or white.

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Parisian Corset Mfg. Co. Ltd.
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Bra No. 10-99
Girdle No. 7933

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

for original design to the creations of Canada's furniture industry and brought formal recognition to such talented men as Earl Morrison, Peter Cotton and Lawrie McIntosh.

But critics of the industry, mostly store dealers, say Canada still copies U. S. patterns, and they claim there are fewer than a dozen real designers working in this country. Manufacturers admit this, but maintain they are creating furniture of quality keyed to Canadian tastes and needs, from Canadian materials. They shift some of the blame to the Canadian public. "We

know what they want but can't buy everything at once, salesmen suggest buying one or two important pieces "for inspiration" and then living with empty spaces. Makeshifts and pieces you don't like are deadwood. Couples who spread their money too thin and try to buy everything at once end up with extras. These can't even be hidden in the attic because there is no attic in most modern houses in which to bury mistakes.

Before buying anything, decorators advise you to work out an over-all plan. The first purchase should be something basic—like a rug or sofa. Gradually build the room from your start, and according to the master plan. When shopping for furniture take along room measurements and a tape measure. Carry samples of your chosen colors. Remember that furniture looks smaller in the store than in your home.

Decorators advocate few, good and big accessories and warn against a clutter of worthless dust catchers. Pictures, they say, are part of the furnishings. Too often, ready-framed pictures are tasteless. Visit art stores and department stores which sell unframed prints and choose those you think you will like living with, then have them framed.

can't be too far ahead of public thinking or we wouldn't stay in business long. Canadians begin to like an item about two years after it has become an American fad. If we hit the market the second year, we've got it right down the middle."

Manufacturers claim Canadians are less alert about new trends in home furnishings. While Americans replace furniture in their living rooms every dozen years or so, it's not unusual to find Canadian homes dressed up in furniture twenty-five years old or more, while a bright new car stands in front of the house. The average Canadian family purchases living-room furniture at marriage, replaces some pieces when the children have beaten them beyond repair, and overhaul the room in middle life, when the young people are gone. Often it takes a move to a new house to spark the change.

For the young married couples who

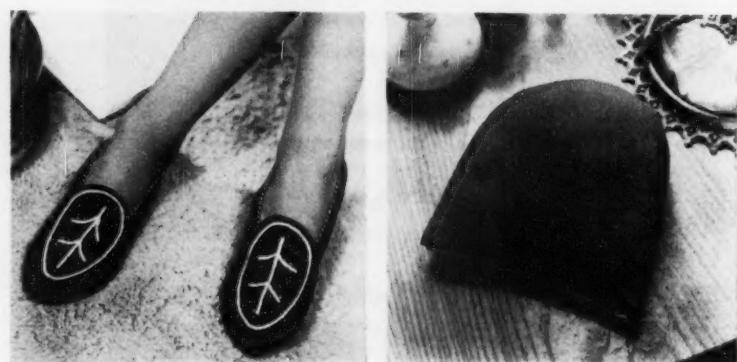
have a hallowed, pretentious place that devoured hours of housework time keeping it that way, and took a great deal of living up to is—thankfully—gone. Gone too are the puckered silk cushions, the fringe, the china doodads that the youngsters were always knocking over. This is the era of stacked snack tables, uncluttered surfaces. Modern design in furniture and accessories has made beauty and practicality one.

The result is an entirely new kind of room, a vital room reflecting your own fresh outlook on life, meant to be used variously by all members of the family, in comfort, relaxation and good taste. *

For hints on how to care for your living-room furniture see page 78.

Next month:

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING talks about small kitchen appliances.



IDEAL FOR TRAVELING

Felt traveling companions that you'll be glad you brought along, these slippers and case take up little packing space and are quickly and easily made. The vamp is decorated with beads and chain stitch embroidery. Instructions and cutting patterns only for sizes 5 to 6½—25c. Order No. C106.

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gentle . . . cannot chafe . . . stronger,
more absorbent than gauze!

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FOR DETAILS AND POSSIBLE ADDITIONS TO THE ABOVE LIST OF COUNTRIES, CONSULT YOUR NEAREST POST OFFICE

AND HERE'S HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR LIVING-ROOM FURNITURE

Marie Holmes of Chatelaine Institute offers these useful tips about caring for the furniture mentioned in the article which begins on page 70.

Wood surfaces and trim—Daily dusting with a soft cloth will do more to preserve the finish and retain the color of your wooden surfaces than any other treatment. Flannelette and suede-finish cotton are ideal for dusters because they pick up the dust, are soft and lintless. Special washable dusting mitts, sold in the housewares sections of department stores, are good for polishing and handy to use.

Cleaning—For all types of furniture finishes regular cleaning with water is recommended. This treatment will retain the color and natural rich finish of hand or French-finished wood or the specially treated glossy surface of factory-made furniture. Use a lintless absorbent cloth or chamois. Dip in cold water, wring out thoroughly. Rub over a small part of the wood surface, then with another soft dry cloth rub until surface is dry. Stroke with grain of the wood.

If a highly polished surface is desired an occasional application of one of the creamy no-rub furniture polishes is effective. Apply a small amount on a soft cloth to a small area at a time, then wipe with another soft cloth.

Previously waxed surfaces should be cleaned with a cloth dipped in a little benzine, carbon tetrachloride or turpentine. (Have windows open when you do this as fumes are dangerous.)

Precautions—To prevent checking of varnished furniture, keep it away from direct sunlight and radiators. To prevent scratches and marks: paste pieces of felt on bottom of vases, ash trays, lamps and ornaments. Provide coasters, small special heavy plastic mats whenever necessary.

When accidents happen:

Scratches: If not too deep, they may be concealed by rubbing with the cut surface of a Brazil nut or walnut meat—or use special scratch stain.

Water marks: Place clean blotter over mark. Press with warm (not hot) iron. Also effective results can often be obtained by rubbing with camphorated oil.

Heat marks: If not too deep rub with camphorated oil.

Alcohol: Wipe up quickly with damp cloth, then dry thoroughly. If still marked try rubbing with a paste of lemon oil and rottenstone or cigar ash. Rub off with oil and polish briskly. If stain remains refinishing may be necessary.

Checkered surface: Refinishing is necessary.

Upholstery: Furniture covered with cotton repp, brocade, or wool will re-

NOW—She Laughs at age

Springtime in her heart again! New-found gaiety, pep energy. A new, alive woman—sparkling eyes, better color, fresh, calm youthfulness—has replaced the worn, tired look. No wonder life has taken on new interests. Yes, thousands of once faded women, weary from blood-iron poverty, have bloomed anew with the help of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Try Dr. Williams Pink Pills yourself for 30 days! Enjoy new health, pep and energy. Start today! Get back "in the pink" with

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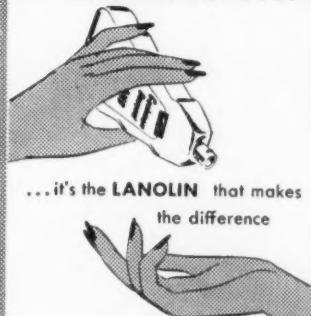
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EASY-Acting!
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Make sure it's 'Vaseline' Brand
The trade mark 'Vaseline' is your
guarantee of the genuine petroleum
jelly. To avoid inferior imitations
always look for and see that you
get the package bearing that regis-
tered trade mark.



tain its fresh new look longer if it is cleaned with the vacuum-cleaner attachment or brush at least once every two weeks. Be sure the small brush or narrow suction nozzle of the attachment is clean (wipe with cloth just dampened with cleaning fluid).

When soiled, most upholstery fabrics can be cleaned with a soapless foamy compound, sold in housewares sections of department stores, or you can make your own with a mild detergent and warm water. Whip up the shampoo compound or detergent in the water and use the lather to clean the fabric. Do a small section at a time and go over the section with a dry cloth before starting the next. When the piece of furniture is completely shampooed, set it on the porch or near a window so it will dry quickly. (An electric fan will speed up the drying.)

Note: Make sure the fabric will wash by testing a small area at the back or some inconspicuous spot.

If the test is unsuccessful it is advisable to consult a professional cleaner. Velvets should always be dry-cleaned.

Grease spots on upholstery should be cleaned as soon as possible with naphtha or carbon tetrachloride; work quickly to prevent a ring from forming around the edge.

Leather—Chairs covered in real leather should be kept away from sun and radiators. Dark leathers can be kept soft and pliable with a special leather preservative, a little rubbed in several times a year. It is also possible to clean dark leathers with leather soap. Both the leather preservative and soap are sold in shoe or leather-goods departments of department stores.

Light-colored leather should be dusted daily and wiped about once a month with clean dampened cheese-cloth, then rubbed with a dry cloth. When soiled, wash with pure castile soap and lukewarm water, wipe with another cloth wrung out of clear water then rub with dry cloth.

Imitation Leather and Plastic materials—Dust daily with untreated soft cloth. Wash occasionally with cloth or sponge wrung out of mild lukewarm soapsuds. Rinse and dry the material thoroughly.

Iron—Requires only dusting. Use soft brush for crevices. ♦

FANCY WORK

By Ethel Jacobson

Little unshared hopes,
Little unshed tears,
Little silent sorrows
That withered with the years,

Quiet, gnawing heartaches,
Dull, accustomed aches,
Familiar disappointments,
Disciplined despairs—

Lying all together,
Orderly and snug—
Stitched in an afghan,
Hooked in a rug.



**Only a genuine
Irish Linen Damask Cloth
can look as lovely as
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Irish Linen
**damask
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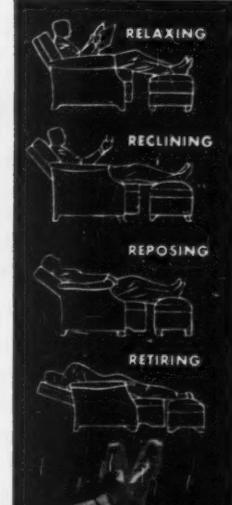


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LEANS BACK WITH YOU**

Sit down. Lean back. La-Z-Boy leans back *with* you...to the comfort-angle you want—and stays there! No other chair in the world thinks of your comfort-mood like La-Z-Boy. It's the only automatic reclining chair (no buttons, no levers). See it—try it—at your furniture dealer today. Over 20 styles...wide choice of colours and coverings...to match your style preference.



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So buy new flavoured Children's Size Aspirin—and keep it handy at all times, so that you'll have it ready whenever your child needs it. 24 tablets cost only 29¢.



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Children's
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T.M. REG. IN CANADA

YOUNG PARENTS



IT'S HARD TO GROW UP

Sometimes it's our own fault if we let the way our adolescents act annoy us

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

PROBABLY MORE PROBLEMS will crop up during adolescence than at any other time in your child's life. Under usual circumstances you can't avoid at least some of them. Often we parents are pretty intolerant and impatient with our adolescents. The boy-crazy stage in a girl, which especially irritates her father, is an entirely normal reaction but, as in other situations, the girl should treat her family with consideration and shouldn't expect to monopolize the telephone or the table conversation. Your formerly polite and easily managed adolescent son may become quite rude and surly if he thinks you are too inquisitive about his personal affairs.

A lot of this adolescent behavior is definitely hard to take, although some of it is probably our own fault. We should remember that these youngsters are in a confused, disturbed state and that they deserve gentle handling even though they seem to invite just the opposite. They are torn between their desire to be a "free" adult and their need for the support and encouragement of their parents.

Adolescents, as you know, go through a period of rapid growth—the girls earlier than the boys. Some have this spurt of growth much earlier and some much later than the average. If your youngster, of ten to sixteen years, is much smaller or much larger than the majority of his or her friends he is probably worried about it and you'd be wise to have your family doctor check him over. The chances are good he won't find anything wrong, but he can do a great deal to reassure the youngster that he or she is perfectly normal, that in time either he or the others will catch up.

The adolescent also grows emotionally and intellectually but the three phases of his development may not keep pace with each other. As a general rule adolescents are sensitive and lack confidence, although they may try to cover this up with apparent conceit and bravado. Criticizing them or making jokes about their clumsiness, their cracking voices, or the down and the pimples on their faces hurts them much more than you think. If they want to shave, don't discourage them. If their pimples or

acne worries them, get the best medical help you can on it. Any real or fancied defect in their appearance troubles them. For the sake of brevity, we shall talk mostly about him, his and he, but what is said applies equally to the girls as to the boys.

The two main reasons for the adolescent's difficulties with his family are, first, his anxiety to be treated as an adult, and, second, his desire to be accepted and liked by his companions. A young child accepts his home and its standards without question and unless his parents spoil him horribly, he learns to conform and accepts the family's rules. When he becomes older he meets other young people whose standards are different from his and this raises questions in his mind. He begins to think of himself as a person in the world, apart from his home. This is when we parents begin to wonder if we have done as much for him as we might. However, he still will come to us for advice and suggestions, although he now resents dictation and close supervision.

Don't Quiz For Details

There are, so the experts tell us, eight areas in which adolescents and their parents most often disagree. These are as follows:

1. How late should they stay out at night?
2. How many nights a week should they go out?
3. How much spending money should they have?
4. Their school work.
5. Their choice of clothes.
6. Their choice of friends.
7. The use of the family car.
8. Church and Sunday-school attendance.

In regard to the first problem, it is a good idea to think about your own difficulties with late nights. When you go out don't you usually stay later than you should or even than you want to? As a consequence your temper and your efficiency aren't what they should be the next day. Most adults find they have to limit their night life to some extent for their own comfort, but we don't do a perfect job on this by any means. We can't therefore be too critical of our adolescents, who actually enjoy staying up late and have neither the judgment nor the experience that we have in regulating their lives.

Also you need to remember that the good opinion of his friends is terribly important to an adolescent. Have a man-to-man talk with him, when no crisis is in the air, to decide just what his usual practice should be. Surely he will agree that his health and cheerfulness require a reasonable amount of sleep, not to mention his school work. A fixed time by which he must be home is almost impossible for him to meet, but an approximate time can be arrived at by compromise. He shouldn't object to telling you where he is going and with whom, but you'd be wise not to quiz him on the details. Of course it is usual for you to meet the boy who is calling for your daughter. If you give your young folks a chance they will probably tell you about their doings, yet as near-adults, they feel they are entitled to enjoy more privacy than a child.

As for the number of nights he should go out each week, here again a quiet discussion of all the factors involved is

wise, so that a working agreement may be reached. Exceptions of course crop up, but in general late nights for the adolescent should be reserved for Friday and Saturday.

The amount of spending money naturally depends on what the adolescent is supposed to buy with it and what the family's resources are. No doubt the small weekly allowance your preschool child first received was increased as he grew older, along with the items he was expected to buy. If you are

not able to give your adolescent as much allowance as his friends, he should know enough about the family budget to understand why this is so. Otherwise he is likely to feel ill-used.

Parents Make Poor Bosses

It is best not to consider the allowance as payment for the regular work he or she does about the house. One of the most valuable experiences a family provides is practice in living in a group. That means that everyone

does some of the work voluntarily as well as enjoys the privileges. You'd be wise to apportion jobs, within reason, to all the children. Most girls like to cook but a surprising number don't seem to get much chance to do it. Once you have taught your daughter the fundamentals, let her do the planning and cooking of at least an occasional meal herself. She'll enjoy it far more without you hovering over her shoulder.

For special jobs that you would otherwise hire someone else to do the

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needs no
coaxing
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Most babies are, when they're brought up on Heinz Baby Foods.
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And they're never disappointed. Every single variety of Heinz Baby Foods has the delicious, natural flavour that only choice, fresh foods can have. Give your baby digestible nourishment he'll really enjoy. At your dealer's, look for Heinz 4 Pre-Cooked Cereals, 34 Strained Foods and 20 Junior Foods. You know they're good—because they're Heinz.



Heinz Baby Foods
57

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BUCKLEY'S
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COUGH SYRUP
with
VITAMIN "C"

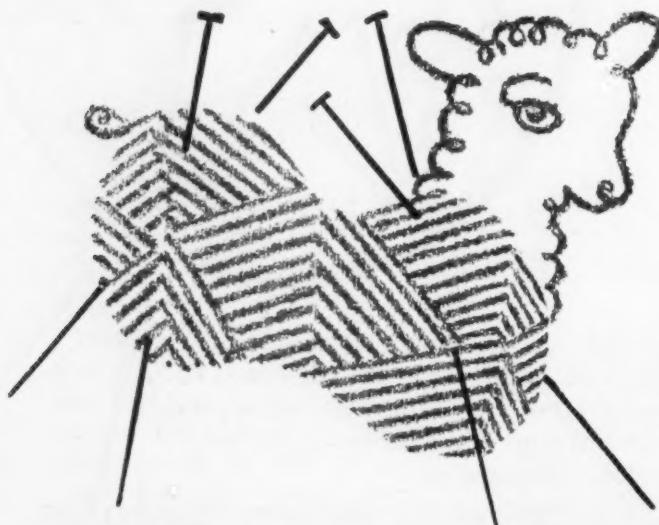


For FAST SAFE Relief of HIS COUGHS and COLDS

Druggists tell us that the demand for Jack & Jill Cough Syrup exceeds that of any other medicine in its particular field. Jack & Jill made an instant hit with both mothers and kiddies. It tastes so good the kiddies look forward eagerly to the next dose instead of trying to dodge it, and it relieves their pesky sniffly coughs and colds, so promptly—so effectively that mothers are delighted. Jack & Jill Cough

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adolescent might well be paid although, as bosses, parents are apt to be either too fussy or too easy. Unless it is necessary, regular after-school and Saturday work takes too much time away from the high-school youngster's social and academic life. Summer jobs, if they aren't too heavy, are good, because doing well on their own bolsters adolescents' self-confidence. Also they provide experience that can help them decide what kind of work they would like to go into later. That's another question adolescents think about.

Girls usually are more interested in their work at high school than boys, but many parents are more anxious about their boys' academic training. In some cases the youngster has not the ability to do really well at school. His teachers can tell you fairly accurately whether he is using his ability reasonably well or not, and if he is unable to do the work, he should transfer to some nonacademic course. In some schools the students are not sufficiently stimulated to work well. It is important for them to learn to concentrate and to organize their work, no matter what field they eventually go into. It is a great pity, too, that high standing at school is so often looked down upon by many adolescents.

You Deserve the Car, Too

The clothes problem needn't concern us much, except to say that adolescents are very keen to dress like their fellows. They feel more at ease if they follow the prevailing style and it is a real unkindness to try to prevent this. Although some of their fashions don't appeal to us, they are transient and if these youngsters are exposed to good taste in their own homes they will probably come back to it as they grow older.

Their choice of friends may disturb us more. Encouraging our youngsters to bring friends home for meals helps them judge whether they are really congenial or not. Criticism usually strengthens the friendship because adolescents are intensely loyal. Discussing the good points of other people, and possibly their defects as well, helps adolescents judge others more reasonably.

The use of the family car can cause considerable trouble, especially if the members have varied interests. Here again, fitting in with the plans and needs of the others is the only possible way and that itself may be hard to arrange.

Some parents try to force their children to attend church when they themselves do not. The adolescent may feel this unfair and with good justification. If the whole family goes to church the adolescents often come along as a matter of course. If the time comes when they revolt, nothing is gained by insistence, and in fact they may be turned against church for years as a result. If no coercion is used, the chances are they will come back to it later on.

These are only a few of many problems that may arise in adolescence. All of them are less acute if you have given your child more responsibility and freedom as he was growing up. No matter what you do, you cannot save him from making some mistakes and doing some foolish things. However, with intelligent supervision in his earlier years and with warm interest all the way through, his mistakes will probably not be too serious. *



At teething time baby very often suffers the added discomfort of constipation. Try Steedman's Powders, the standby of mothers for over 100 years, they act safely and effectively as a gentle laxative.

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**BABY'S OWN
TABLETS**

THE WONDERFUL DAY

Continued from page 19

ring—! Tomorrow everyone would know that of all the smart pretty girls in town Timothy Henry had chosen little Connie Jones to wear his ring, to become Mrs. Timothy Henry. Lying there with the ring bruising her lips she wondered just why anyone as wonderful as Tim had picked her. She was small, and she supposed she was pretty enough, but she wasn't the least bit clever. No, there wasn't one single thing that she was absolute tops in—except loving Tim. And then a big tear rolled down her cheek and its saltiness washed over the ring against her lips.

"Crying! For heaven's sake why am I crying on my engagement night?"

Then she thought that after all people did cry from happiness, from very great happiness. And a delicious weariness stole over her, the ringed hand slipped down the pillow and she slept to dream of her wonderful prince.

She could hear her parents' voices in the dining room, and she came down the stairs slowly because she was suddenly shy, and just a bit reluctant at sharing her secret so soon. She even thought of going back up the stairs and removing the ring so that this wonderful thing could be just between Tim and her for another day. But the thought of leaving her treasure at home while she was away all day at the office was not to be borne. So she went on down the stairs and entered the dining room with her left hand hiding in the pleats of her skirt.

Her mother looked up. "Was it a good dance, dear?"

Connie slipped into her chair.

"Super," she said. "Arty Lang's orchestra and everything."

She spread her napkin and wondered if she could manage her grapefruit with one hand, then deciding that she couldn't, and pride conquering shyness, she thrust out her left hand.

"Look, people. Look what Tim gave me last night." And so proud was she that she might have been saying, "Beneath my crown."

Mrs. Jones hastily set down her spoon, her brows rising.

Mr. Jones looked over his paper—he actually lowered it until it rested on his finished grapefruit.

"Gracious, Connie!" gasped her mother. "Why didn't you tell us?"

Connie blushed sweetly. "I didn't really know myself till last night. It was rather sudden."

Her mother's eyebrows leveled off, but a smudge of concern grew between them. "But Connie, dear, are you sure? After all you've never gone with other boys."

"Oh, mother—" Connie began.

"Diamond, eh?" said her father. "Only been selling houses three months, and you mean to say the young fool squandered all that money on a ring?"

Connie swallowed. Her outstretched hand lowered slowly. She had expected tears on her mother's part. After all mothers wept at weddings, why not at engagements? She had expected her father to clear his throat or blow his nose and say, "Why—it—just—seems—like—yesterday—I—learned—to—burp—you." But she hadn't expected this concern, this criticism.



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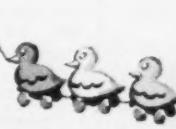
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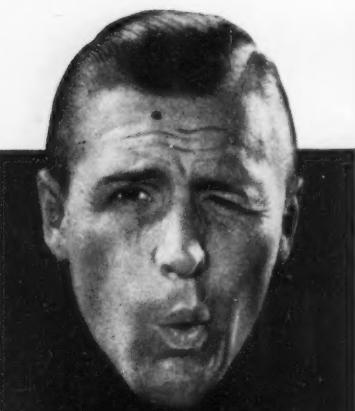


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Her mother reached over and lifted Connie's limp hand.

"It's a pretty ring, and Tim's a nice boy. After all we've known him for years." She patted her daughter's hand and smiled in a motherly way. "But you must be sure, dear, that you know your own mind."

Mr. Jones gathered up his paper and shook it back into shape. "If young Henry's thinking about getting married, he'd better start saving money. I was working a year before I proposed to your mother."

"But Father," Mrs. Jones placated, "they won't be getting married for a long time. Years perhaps. Why, Connie's not quite eighteen."

"Hmph! Long engagements!" The paper rattled violently.

Connie looked from one to the other. She moistened her lips, but she couldn't think of anything to say. She had thought to sweep them off their feet with her good news, but instead they had flattened her, flat as a soda cracker.

But later hurrying up the street to the bus corner, the yeast of happiness bubbled again. By the time she reached the bus stop all last night's miracle was winging her along. After all, parents were old and they made a habit of worrying, especially when they had only one child. But why they worried when that child had picked off a prize like Tim? And Dad needn't worry about Tim not saving. The ring was paid for, he had told her last night, and from now on they were both going to save every cent toward getting married. And there wasn't going to be a long engagement either. They had decided that between kisses last night, so Dad didn't need his "Hmph!"

In the crowded bus she squeezed along the aisle. A girl, it was Emily with her pony-tail hairdo, signaled to her and Connie ducked under a man's arm, and clutched—with her right hand—at the high bar above the girl's head.

"Hello, Emily. Well, thank goodness I've at least got a bar to hang on to. Last night I had to hang on the flap of a man's pocket." She giggled.

"They get more crowded every day," said Emily. "If you get tired hanging I'll change with you."

"Oh, I'm fine, thanks."

After a few blocks her right arm ached with stretching. She shifted to her left hand. She wondered if the bump of her ring would show under her glove, but it was nubby-knit and the bulge the diamond made was hardly discernible. When her left arm grew tired she changed again.

"What adorable gloves," exclaimed Emily. "Where did you get them?"

"Stevenson's basement. Forty-nine cents."

"Wonderful! Mind if I try one on?" Emily seized Connie's left hand and pulled off the glove.

Connie gave a tiny gasp, and waited blushingly for Emily's yelp of surprise at the ring.

But Emily was admiring the glove on her own hand. "I just adore them. I'm going straight over at noon and get me a pair. Forty-nine cents you say? Here, hold out your hand and I'll put it on again."

Connie extended her hand. Now Emily couldn't miss the ring. But she did miss it. The glove slipped off easily, and Emily chattered away about clothes

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just as though it were any ordinary old day.

Connie felt queer. How could Emily miss seeing a beautiful diamond? She must be blind, or just plain dumb. To rave over forty-nine-cent gloves and not even see Tim's lovely ring. Of course, Connie reflected, she and Emily didn't know each other very well—perhaps Emily thought that Connie had always worn the ring.

Later in the ladies' room at the office she called Sue Robinson over to the corner. Sue was her best office friend and she knew Tim.

"Oh Connie," bubbled Sue, "I think that's just grand. And I think Tim's a lucky man."

Connie blushed happily and prettily. "I'm the lucky one," she said.

The news flew around the office. Connie Jones has a ring. Connie Jones is engaged. And the girls and some of the men gathered about her desk.

"Congratulations, Connie," from the dignified ones.

"Hooked a guy, eh?" from Joe, the office boy.

Breathless "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the young girls.

Connie sat like a queen with her hand extended, her small dark head lifted with shy pride. Inside she was thinking, they're all making a fuss about the ring, but to me the ring is just a symbol—it's Tim that matters. My wonderful Tim.

Luce Holden strolled up. Luce was tall and red-headed and beautiful. She was going through her second engagement and sported a huge yellow diamond. The crowd parted as her lithe hips squirmed through.

"So you've joined the ranks, Connie?"

She took Connie's stubby little hand in her large, tapering one, and at the same time her left hand, with its large diamond, dropped casually to the desk.

"It's a nice little ring," she drawled. "A large one wouldn't look right on your hand, would it?"

The size of her stone had not for a moment occurred to Connie—only the wonder of it. But now she found herself hypnotized by the large yellowish stone on Luce's hand. And not only Connie—she sensed that all eyes had been withdrawn from her ring and were centred on Luce's. Her moment of queenship was over.

"Wow!" yacked Joe. "Where's me blenders?"

**BEST FOR
BABY'S
COLDS**
**BABY'S
OWN
COUGH
SYRUP**

DID YOU?
did you read my
good advice to
mothers in
my column
on page 8.

NANCY NYLON
NY-52-13



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Connie forced her eyes from the yellow fire on Luce's hand to the small white spark of her own ring. Emily, she thought, couldn't have missed seeing Luce's ring. The queerness she'd felt at the breakfast table came back. She pulled her hand quietly from Luce's and let it slip to her lap.

"Go 'way everybody. I've got work to do." She hoped she sounded airy and gay, but what she really felt was — well, just queer and jellyish.

She met Tim for lunch. And when at the door of the drugstore he gave her his big special grin and put his arm about her shoulder for all the world to see, and led her to a seat at the counter, the queerness whisked off, and she was warmly, deliciously happy again.

And then tall, red-headed Rodney Green, an old friend of Tim's, slipped into the seat next to Connie, and Tim said, "Well, Rod, my boy, you might as well know that you are sitting next to the future Mrs. Timothy Henry. So just behave yourself."

Have you tried?

adding a little sugar to mashed turnips (1 teaspoon for 4 servings).



Rodney clapped Tim on the back, and admired the ring and made a great fuss over Connie. All through lunch he kept passing her cream or sugar or sauce and teasing her so gallantly and so charmingly that she could have hugged him right there and then, because of all the people that had learned of the engagement he alone seemed to sense its importance.

So with her tiny green sandal pressed against Tim's brogue, she blushed at Rodney's sallies. Once, looking up with laughter on her lips she encountered, in the next bay, the goggle eyes of Polly Craig, one of the office girls, and Polly flicked her eyelashes upward in a feminine gesture of all-out approval. And Connie's pride and happiness ballooned.

They all left together, she and Tim hand in hand, Rod with a big hand on her dark curls. But once in the street Rod's teasing manner left him.

"All nonsense aside, kids, I'm very happy for both of you. Tim's one of the best, Connie, and Tim, you've got a sweet little armful here. Take care of each other. Well, so long." And he turned and swung off up the street.

Connie and Tim, arms linked, strolled along, their first time alone since last night.



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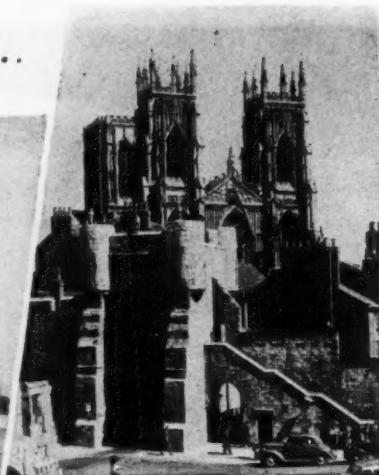
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AT HIGHWAY #27

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"Well, how'd it go, sweetness? Did you knock everybody's eyes out at the office?"

"Did I?" she said, the episode of the yellow diamond completely submerged. "Oh, did I!"

"And your family? What did they say?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Oh, you know. The usual. Too young. And what were we going to do about saving money."

He shrugged and nodded. "I told Maw."

"What did she say?"

He grinned down at her, squeezing her fingers.

"Same stuff. Did I realize, etc.?"

She giggled. "You'd think we wanted to start in a marble palace to hear them, wouldn't you? Why Tim, I just want,"—she looked up and saw the you're-my-girl look in his eyes—"Oh Tim, a tent would do."

"And I'll catch rabbits every morning and we'll live like royalty. Do you think people would think we were crazy if I kissed you right now?"

She snuggled closer against his arm.

"They'd think we're in love. And we aren't, are we?"

"Gosh, no. Who'd fall in love with a funny little button like you?" But the tenderness in his voice and in his eyes was almost more than she could bear.

He pulled her to a stop at a furniture-store window.

"And when we get the tent paid for we'll sell it and buy a house, and we'll get that pink chesterfield."

"Coral," she corrected him. "Oh, I adore coral chesterfields."

"On you, beautiful, it would look swell."

Her dark head swayed dangerously close to his shoulder.

"Oops," she whispered, "I feel beautiful."

Back at the office Connie pounded gaily away on her typewriter. It was hard to concentrate when rabbit stew, coral chesterfields and Tim danced fantastically in her brain. It made her cheeks rosy and caused little dimples to quirk the corners of her mouth.

"Gee, Connie, you really do look happy."

She looked up quickly into Polly Craig's round eyes.

"Hi, Polly."

Polly leaned confidentially against the desk.

"Gosh, Connie, I don't blame you for looking so smug. Gee, I think he's swell. And so attentive." She heaved a great sigh, "What I wouldn't give to latch

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Nestle COLOR-TINT

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onto a great big handsome redhead like that."

"Redhead? He hasn't got red hair. That was Rod Green. Tim was the other one."

"The other one? Oh," Polly's voice flattened, "the little guy? With all the freckles?"

"Yes," Connie said carefully. "He has a few freckles, and he isn't as big as Rod."

At the mention of Rod's name Polly's enthusiasm flared again. She rolled her eyes heavenward. "Oh, could I fall for that Rod guy!" And she passed on to spread the news, thought Connie, that her Tim was a little guy—with freckles.

The queer emptiness that had come over her several times today, beginning with her parents' attitude at the breakfast table, lay cold in her stomach. What was wrong with people? Why was everyone so unimpressed by Tim and his ring? What was wrong with all of them? What was wrong with everything?

All the way home on the bus Connie sat with her hands stiff in her lap, her right thumb working over the small bump under her left glove. She stared at the grey-haired lady across the aisle without seeing her. Round and round in her brain went all the things that had happened since last night. She'd been so happy then, and now she felt so flat, so puzzled, so uncertain. Why? Because people had turned away from her small ring to admire another girl's big ring? But that was silly. Because a girl had implied that Tim was insignificant? But Polly was just a boy-crazy kid.

She thought about being with Tim at noon, and how happy she'd been. But she wasn't happy now. What was wrong? Then she remembered her mother's concern this morning, and her words, "You must be sure that you know your own mind, Connie."

So that was it. She was the kind of person who didn't know her own mind. The kind who blew hot and cold.



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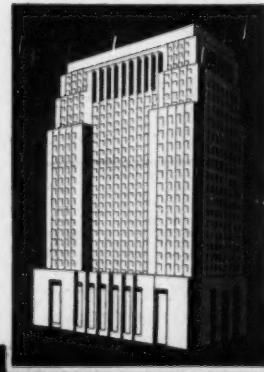
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*Extract from Christina Morrison's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School Students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia



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• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW

Right now she didn't know whether she was in love with Tim or not. She just didn't know anything. In spite of last night, and in spite of the noon tryst she just didn't know anything.

"I'm out here, dear," her mother called from the kitchen.

Connie went through the hall and stopped in the kitchen doorway.

"Oh, what a day," she said. "I'm ready to drop. Too much excitement."

She managed a big grin, but inside she felt exactly like a little girl who'd gone to a party expecting pink ice cream and had been given rice pudding—without salt.

Her mother looked up from her sauce-stirring.

"You look tired," she said. "I bought you something for your trousseau chest. I wanted to be the first. It's that parcel on the chesterfield in the living room."

"Oh, Mum,"—she felt a sudden little lift—"thanks. May I open it now?"

"Of course, child. I hope you like the color."

In the living room Connie opened the parcel. The paper rattled off to expose folds of cotton, pink as apple blossoms, smooth as cream.

"Oh," she slid down on the chesterfield beside them. "Sheets. Pink sheets."

"If you'd rather have another color you can exchange them. You might like to shop around a bit."

Connie's hand passed back and forth over the sheets.

"No,"—slowly—"I wouldn't change them. I couldn't find anything lovelier."

She looked up to smile her thanks and a little core of firmness began to grow in her. Was it because her mother, in giving her the gift, was affirming her engagement and all that went with it? Or was it that in making this small decision she felt more sure of herself?

"This," she said thoughtfully, "is what I want."

Mrs. Jones' fingers brushed the girl's cheek.

"Goodness," she said, "I've been trying all day to get used to the idea that you're old enough to get married."

Dinner was rather quiet. Connie was still thinking things out.

"Was it a big day?" her father asked kindly.

"Yes," she said. And then added, "Too big. I'm a bit dazed."

"I remember," said Mrs. Jones, "the night I got engaged to your father."

"Yes, and the next night you quarreled with me about the tie I wore."

Connie looked up.

"Did you really, Mother? Why?"

"Heavens! I'm sure I don't know. I'd forgotten all about it."

"But you still criticize my ties. Connie, you let Tim choose his own."

Connie laughed. She felt springy inside again.

"I'm going to hen-peck him," she said.

At eight-thirty she heard Tim's step on the porch. She flew to open the door. He held his arms wide.

"Gee, honey, you look gorgeous."

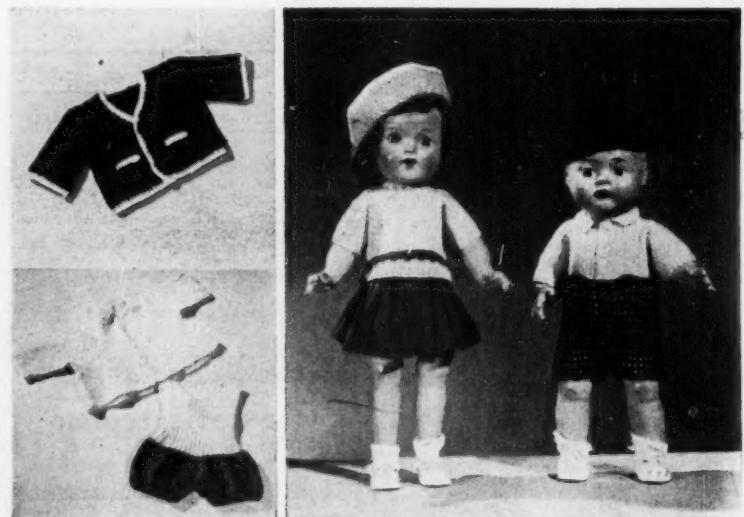
She put her hands against his chest and pushed gently.

"Wait a minute, Tim."

She looked up into his face that was just a little above her own. She saw the ordinary hair that didn't comb very well. She saw every big tan freckle. And she saw the wide grin and his grey eyes that were clear and honest. And she saw that he wasn't a fairy prince, but just plain Timothy Henry.

He wasn't important enough for Luce, or glamorous enough for Polly, but for Connie Jones he was very, very right. Her pushing hands relaxed against his chest as his arms closed about her.

"Oh, Tim," she said, and her voice was vibrant with humility and pride and certainty. "It's been the most wonderful day." *



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With Christmas just around the corner, plan to enchant your child with these outfits. Knitted in no time at all, the girl's wardrobe includes beret, pullover, skirt, step-ins, and coat. Boy's clothes are blazer, beanie, blouse and knickers. Complete instructions for both sets are 25 cents. Order No. C109.

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C. 6.1: How Canada lives... better

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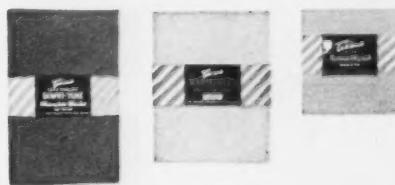


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